Anne DeBeatts Shaw. April 1902.

Philomatheau.
1900 - 01
Macon, Georgia.

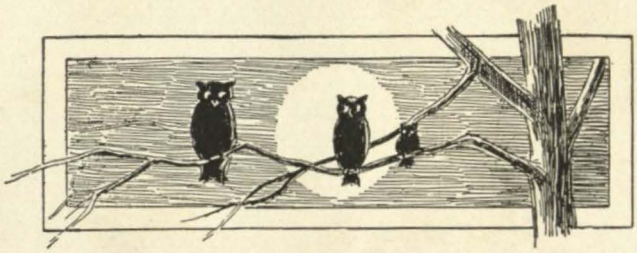
Published by

The Philomathean Society

of Wesleyan College

1900

Printed by G. L. Swift & Co.
College Publications
Chicago



Dedication

To

The Honorary Members of the
Philomathean Society

To

The Former Members who
have given our Society
the prestige it now
holds and

To

The Future Members
This Volume is faithfully
dedicated

By

The Present Members

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Preface

"And hither am I come
A prologued arm'd—
But not in confidence
Of author's pen or actor's voice, but suited
In like conditions as our argument,—
To tell you, fair beholders, our book's design."

WE HAVE two objects in the publication of this book. First: We wish to please you, our friends and foster sisters, whose loyalty, proven through nearly a half century of struggle and triumph, has endeared you to the hearts of all connected with our society; and right gladly would we lead your fancies captive and have you re-live with us in the pages of our annual the cherished memories of the happy undergraduate days. Second: We trust that our sisters, who shall follow in our way down the paths of the beautiful days that are to be, will each year write the life of our society in many and many an issue of "THE PHI MU."

Our precedent, we trust, will live as a wish that many a similar "error" may "rush into the state" of our little or great college world.

And in this Preface we wish to offer our hearty thanks to those who have so kindly and willingly responded and aided us in sending forth this volume.

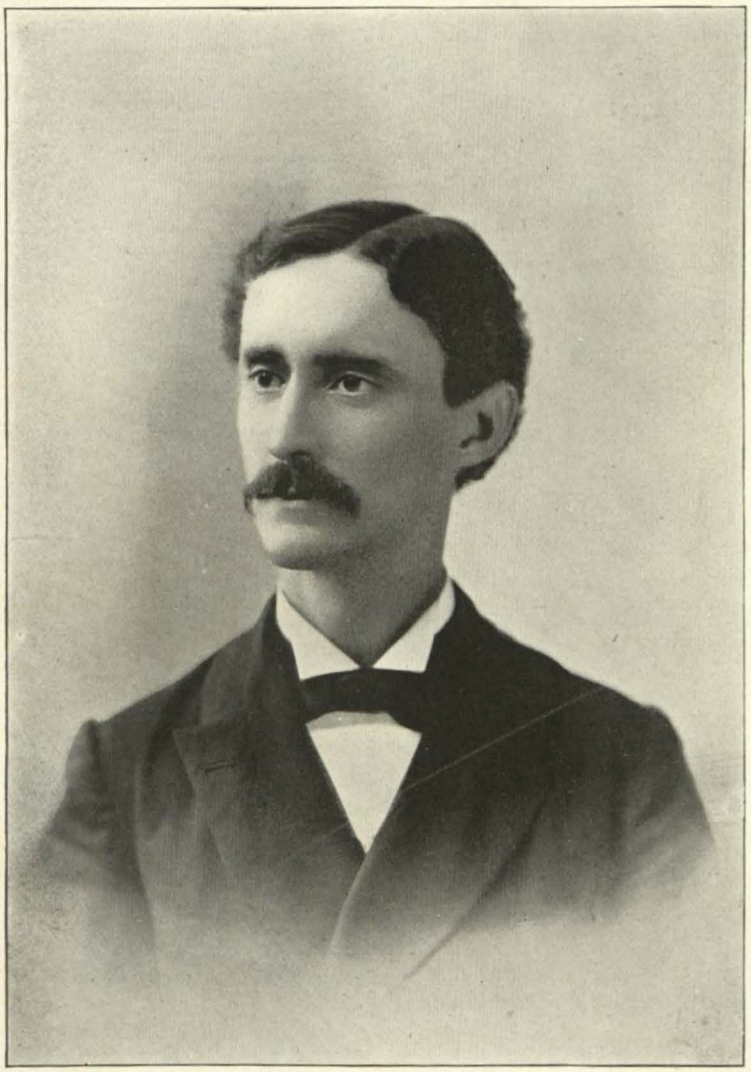
Our friends we cordially greet, and invite the generous altitude of Robert Burns in gracious admonition to

"Scan with care the works of brother man,
Still gentler sister woman."

For our elder sisters we bespeak the spirit of our sheltered lives,—the shades of our calm retreat,—the dreams of this our fleeting world, in the hour with our little book.

For our critics—those who will not praise—we leave them to be prayed for, "for the state of their wits' healths."

THE EDITORS.



REV. J. W. ROBERTS, D. D.
College President

Roll

Jennie Banks Arnold	Grantville Ga.
Edna Arnold	Elberton, Ga.
May Bell Adams	Macon, Ga.
Blanche Ainsworth	Thomasville, Ga.
Roselyn Bivings	Dalton, Ga.
Lucile Banks	Grantville, Ga.
Lola Cook	Lumber City, Ga.
Pearle Coleman	New Market, S. C.
Louise Cary	Cartersville, Ga.
May Cook	Lumber City, Ga.
Mae Daniel	Millen, Ga.
Julia Davis	Augusta, Ga.
Katherine Edmondson	Dalton, Ga.
Mary Finney	Haddock, Ga.
Maggie Finney	Haddock, Ga.
Lonese Frederick	Marshallville, Ga.
Edna Frederick	Marshallville, Ga.
Katie May Guyton	Dublin, Ga.
Kate Glawson	Gray, Ga.
Eloise Guyton	Dublin, Ga.
Margaret Hall	Macon, Ga.
Martha Hagood	Atlanta, Ga.
Tommie Lee Hightower	Dublin, Ga.
Lula Houser	Perry, Ga.
Mattie Hatcher	Columbus, Ga.
Frances Harmon	Savannah, Ga.
Mary Johnstone	Atlanta, Ga.
Lucia Johnston	Macon, Ga.
Nellie Knight	Cartersville, Ga.
Eva King	Cusseta, Ga.
Helen Land	Jackson, Ga.
Eva May Land	Jackson, Ga.
Eva Lawson	Hawkinsville, Ga.
May Moore	Greenwood, S. C.
Alleen Moon	Conyers, Ga.

Roll—(Continued)

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Mary Addie Murph	Marshallville, Ga.
Margie Morris	Macon, Ga.
Lillian Moon	Washington, D. C.
Annie McCalla	Heardmont, Ga.
Mary Park	La Grange, Ga.
Louise Peddy	Newman, Ga.
Dollie Paris	Reynolds, Ga.
Dorothy Rogers	Waleska, Ga.
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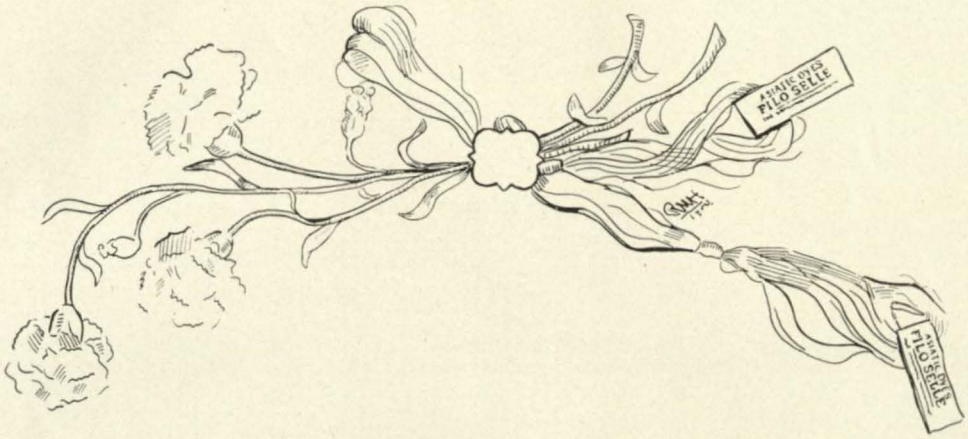
Josephine Shaw	Macon, Ga.
Gussey Sharp	Waycross, Ga.
Louise Turner	Eatonton, Ga.
Annie E. Williams	Etheridge, Ga.
Virginia Watts	Greenfield, Ohio
Lalia Whiting	Waycross, Ga.
Hattie Wimberly	Oglethorpe, Ga.
Ida Willingham	Macon, Ga.
Mary Lucy White	Eatonton, Ga.
Mary Simms Wheeler	Chattanooga, Tenn.

Yell

Rackety-Yack! Rackety-Yack!
Rip, Rah, Ree.
Philomathean, Philomathean,
W. F. C.

THE PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY OF 1900



The Philomathean Society

Founded in 1852

❦ ❦ ❦

Colors:

PINK AND WHITE

❦ ❦ ❦

Flowers

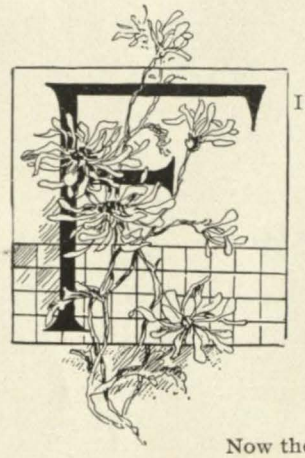
CARNATIONS

❦ ❦ ❦

Yell

Rackety-Yack! Rackety-Yack!
Rip, Rah, Ree.
Philomathean, Philomathean.
W. F. C.

Enigma



First

IRST syllable of a troublesome Island, now
Can't you think over who is in this great row?

Second

Then, what is it you very often say
When surprised or feeling very gay?

Third

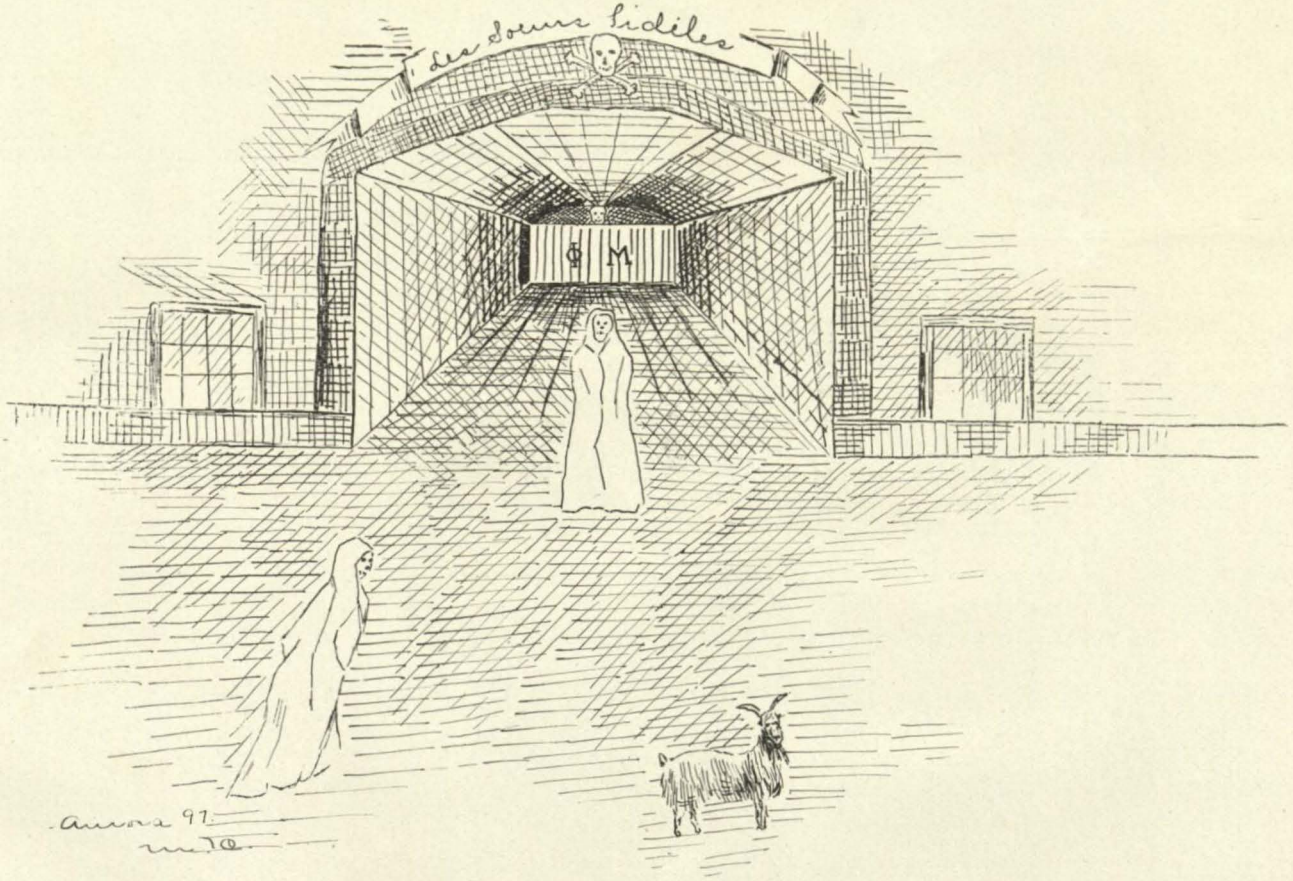
Now the name of a maiden, you know.
As spelled when in college a year or so.

Fourth

A little word much used—comes next,
To describe just any kind of a text.

Fifth

Finish with the shortest word in mind—
And the name of "faithful sister's" find.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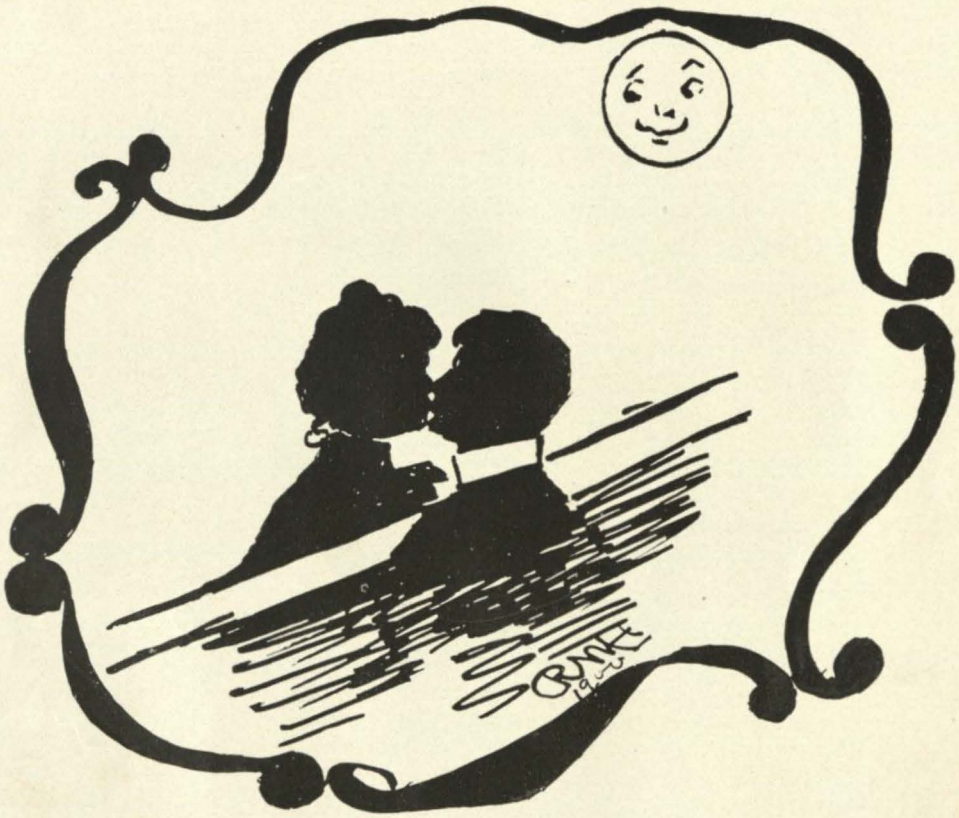


"THERE ARE TWO SIDES TO EVERY STONE WALL"

MISS MAY HAZELHURST, ARTIST

WESLEYAN COLLEGE

History of The Philomathean Society

ONE of the most unique characteristics of the Wesleyan College is the nature of its literary societies.

It is not strange that, in this first college which heralded a broader life and culture for woman, there should have been established the first clubs for women in Georgia. In the founding of the two literary societies at Wesleyan our broad-minded mothers made one mighty stride from the ancient and classic quilting and sewing societies toward the modern clubs of culture and power.

Ye women of Georgia, we beg to direct your attention to the source whence emanated the powerful influence that is now the all-pervading spirit of your social life.

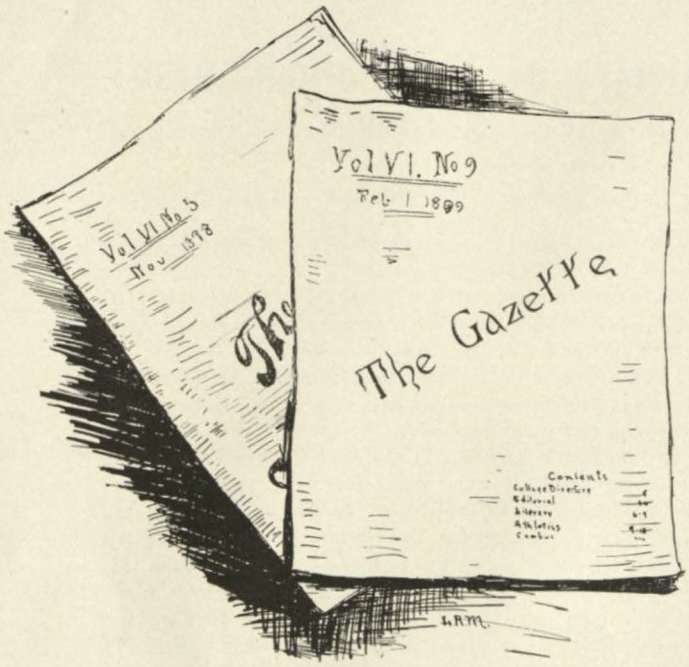
The Philomathean Society was organized with the aid of Pres. Smith, in the year 1852. It began with a membership of five young girls. In founding the Society it was the purpose of the girls drawn together by the bonds of friendship and love to foster and cherish a healthy growth of original thought, and to develop, pleasantly and socially, the powers of the mind.

The great aim of the Philomathean Society is to cultivate the taste of its members for the best and highest literature of our age. The rather small but carefully selected library is one of the most attractive features of the society hall. In some of the earliest minutes are recorded the orders for magazines of the highest literary merit, and in the beginning the "faithful sisters" began collecting pictures and pieces of statuary for the ornamentation of the hall.

Very soon after the organization it was decided that, by all means, the Society should publish a paper which, while encouraging essay writing among the members, should reflect the college life and work. Such a paper, called "The Gazette," was prepared and issued weekly by the members.

On large sheets the articles were neatly written with most imposing headlines by the editors. Most of the paper was devoted to essays, poetry, and editorials; but much interest centered around the column of "College News," in which was presented the bright and interesting side of college life. The news contributors seemed hard pressed in making their articles more interesting than those of the bright wits and humorists. There are jokes and jokes; but we of today are inclined to think that time has wrought many changes in the nature of some jokes, and all that were once jokes can be called such no more. However, if jokes are jokes at the desired time, that suffices.

This work which was begun in 1857 was carried on for thirty-three years. In the last few years the publication of the papers has been discontinued. But in the "Φ. M." an



attempt is being made to conduct society journalism on a broader and more elevated style.

The college authorities gave to the Society a large room on the fifth floor of the college building. With a feeling that this was their very own, the girls eagerly went to work to beautify and adorn their hall in any way that taste, skill, and ingenuity might direct. And truly, we girls of 1900 have a right to love for its beauty and associations the pink and white room where we hold our weekly love feasts and literary studies.

At all times the quiet seclusion of the cozy corners and comfortable seats are very inviting to the studiously inclined, or the mind heavily burdened with vitally important secrets that simply must be whispered into a sympathetic ear.

In the first weeks of college occur fierce and hard-fought battles on the "*rushing*" fields. Later these conflicts end and peace is restored between the two societies in the usual and peculiar manner, in which each side comes off gloriously victorious and perfectly satisfied. For the remainder of the year the Adelpheans and Philomatheans work together in friendly emulation and in social intercourse.

At one time it was the custom for the societies to alternate yearly in socially entertaining each other. Now our yearly receptions have taken the form of Grand Meetings, to which our honorary members living in the city are invited. These are decidedly the most pleasant of all the sadly few social events of the college girl.

One society or the other gives an annual exhibition at commencement of its musical and elocutionary talents. It is with a feeling of deep gratitude and sincere thankfulness that the historian records the fact that this gracious year of 1900 the Philomatheans will not exhibit.

Another pleasant feature of the social life of the two societies is their friendly relations with the two literary societies at Mercer University. We Philomatheans feel a true "sisterly" pride and interest (though we have heard some as skeptical about the appropriateness of that adjective) in the Ciceronians when we attend their yearly oratorical contests and debates with the Phi Delta Society. For many years there has been the pretty custom of the corresponding societies interchanging presents at commencement time. The Philomathean Hall shows many marks of the Ciceronians' generosity and exquisite taste.

Perhaps to the College girl one of the greatest charms of the Society is its wonderful and important secrets, the hidden mysteries of which thrill the mind with intense delight. Undoubtedly if it were not for this one and all-powerful element the life of the society would be sorely weakened and enfeebled. It must easily be seen why we have such great love and loyalty for our societies. Around them cluster the dearest memories of our College life.

Philomathean Bulletin Board.

I. Regular Meeting, 9 o'clock, Monday Mornings.

II. Grand Meeting. College Parlors, Feb. 27. 1900.

III. Exhibition, Wesleyan Chapel, Commencement. 1901.

Editors of the Phi Mu will please meet in Room 43, 2.30 P.M. to-day.

A called meeting of the Society will be held in its Hall, in the interim between dinner bells, to-day.

"Life at Wesleyan as a Philomathean"

WITH a great clatter and clang of machinery the train comes to a stop under the car shed. You get off. You are very lonely and you don't know what to do. You stand staring helplessly about you, when you hear some one say, "Is there anyone here for Wesleyan College?" You feel relieved, smile, say "Yes," and surrender your check to the kindly faced gentleman.

How eagerly you watch from the car window for the College! You are sure you will recognize it from its pictures. At last you see it looming grandly up in the distance. It is a magnificent old building, but there is something about it that strikes terror to your poor, homesick little heart. It is so big, and you, you are so little.

You are taken in to see the principal. She introduces you to two or three girls in the room. Their forlorn appearance labels them as new girls like yourself.

There is a sound of merry voices and laughter in the halls. The principal calls the girls in and tells them to show you to your room, and to introduce you to the other girls who have come.

The girls are very kind, but you think inquisitive. They ask you your name, home, the class you expect to enter, when you came and other questions too many to name. They put their arms about you with the freedom of years of friendship, and proceed to show you over the college.

Some girls come in at the door, and your new acquaintances break away from you with the cry, "There are old Louise and Mary!" They hug and kiss in the dear, delightful school-girl fashion, but it seems very gushing to you. They say how glad they are to get back. You look up in wonder. Glad to be back at Wesleyan? You can't understand it.

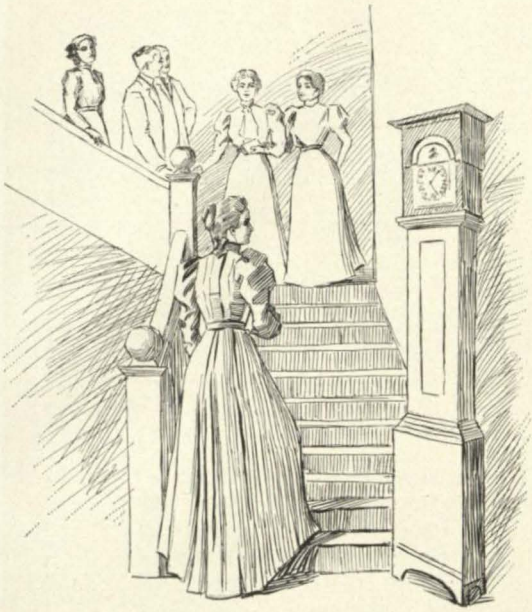
The bell sounds for dinner. One of your new friends comes back to you and takes you in. Oh, the difference in the faces at that meal! Some as bright as a radiant June morning; some as dark as a cloudy winter night.

You meet your roommate after dinner. She eyes you a little critically, but she hopes you will be good friends. You like her and feel more at home already.

You can't understand the meaning of the little groups gathered about the halls, the little groups that gradually melt into large ones. The girls are talking so earnestly and cautiously. Presently one of these groups break up. Two of the girls come to you and ask you to walk. You do so, but you had rather go to your room and cry. They make engagements to walk with you between supper bells, after supper, before chapel, and for church. You think them very cordial.

As you go to your room you meet other girls who introduce themselves to you. They immediately begin to make engagements to walk. You wonder vaguely if the girls do nothing but walk. You tell these girls of the engagements you have already. They are "awfully sorry," but they make a number of others with you.

The attention of the girls keep up without intermission. You have engagements every spare moment of the day. Every afternoon some one takes you to the "Pharmacy." One of the town girls takes you driving and treats at Lamar's. She has you out to spend the day on Monday. You meet some friends of her's who are "very nice."



You are invited to spreads in girls' rooms and to those frolics so dear to a college girl's heart, midnight feasts. You think Wesleyan an ideal place, now.

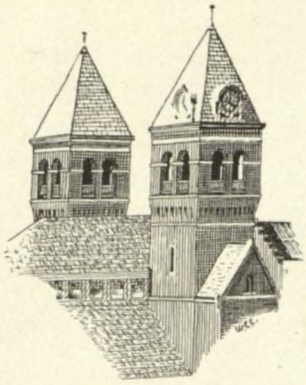
Still the girls act awfully queer sometimes. You are having a lovely time with some girls on the lawn, when another girl comes up to you and says she has an engagement with you. You don't in the least remember it, but you have so many engagements you have to quit trying to keep up with them all. You don't see why she will not join the group on the lawn; but she insists on her engagement, and you go off with her. She takes you to where there is another group of girls. They begin to talk to you of their society. They show you a new pin one of them has just had given her. They ask you if you don't think it pretty. When you say "Yes," they ask you to let it be your pin, too, to join their society. You don't know what to say. You like these girls, but your roommate is a Philomathean and you like her.

You don't think you ought to pledge either society yet. When you tell them this, they say your roommate has nothing to do with it. You should join the society where your friends are all Adelpheans. You are not sure of this. The Philomatheans have shown you equal attention, seem just as good friends. You leave them without pledging.

As you leave the table that evening, a girl comes up to you, and puts her arm about you. She is a Senior, and from your lowly position as a Freshman, you have wondered if you will ever surmount the barriers that stand between you and the exalted position this girl occupies. She, of all other girls you have met, is the bright particular star. You have worshipped her from a distance and now your foolish little heart flutters as she draws you out of the crowd of girls down the steps into the moonlight. Then she draws you closer and says, "I want you to be a Philomathean; will you promise me, dear?" And you say "Yes." How glad the girls seem when she tells them and how glad you are!

Your friends in the other society seem to have forgotten how fond they were of you, but you are so happy you can't think of that.

You are taken into the Philomathean Hall. The beauty of the room takes possession of you as you enter, and its fascination deepens as your familiarity increases in the years to come. There is an air of comfort as well as elegance about the room. Big fur rugs are scattered on the soft carpet. The handsome rosewood chairs stretch out their arms invitingly, and the long divan at the end of the room, with its wealth of sofa pillows, seems to beg you to sit and rest.



It is night and the heavy silken hangings are drawn in front of the deep bay window; but the room is flooded in light which comes to you through rose colored shades. A handsome mirror reflects the happy faces of the girls as they sit or stand about the room.

That dear old Hall! little you guess now how you will come to love it in after years.

Time passes on, and the day arrives when you are to be taken in; initiated into the mysteries of the Philomathean Society. You and the other girls who are to pass through the dread ordeal are gathered into one of the rooms waiting the hour. Each of you look nice in your light summer dresses, but you are too frightened to think of

how you look. All day you have plugged at the Greek Alphabet; you have committed to memory Horace's ode to Sydia, and a part of Cicero's defense of Roscius, and you have struggled in vain to learn the Lord's prayer backwards. Your Senior friend, "as a friend," has told you it would be wise to do this. She wishes you to ride the billy goat with all ease possible, and this, she warns you, is the magic charm by which he is tamed and made manageable.

One by one the girls are taken up stairs; at last it is your time. You go, clinging to the hand of your escort, and faintly murmuring, "ora pro nobis." There is a strange, unearthly knock at the door; you cross the threshold, and—!

How proudly you carry yourself as you come down to tea. You are a Philomathean now. The badge on your heart is the token of that. You may be foolish, but you sleep with it on tonight, and your hand rests lovingly on it while you dream of that strange, sweet country whose borderland you crossed today. You look forward eagerly to Monday morning. You know the regular weekly meetings are held that day. The girls always seem to have such good times then. On this particular morning you jump up from your books as soon as you hear the bell ring. Ah, the girls do have happy times in the Hall. You are so glad you are a Philomathean.

It is spring. You hear the girls talking of a Grand Meeting. They tell you it is a meeting to which the friends and honorary members of the society are invited.

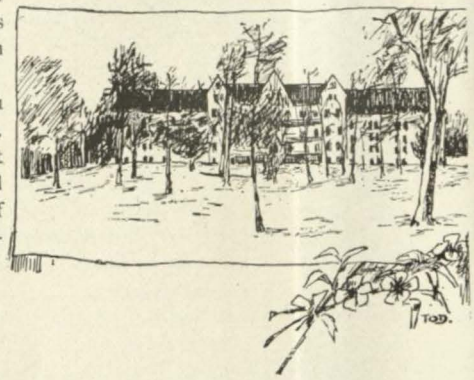
You think that awfully nice. You have a friend you would like to invite; the friend to whom you gave your Philomathean pin a week or two ago when you spent the day out in town.

The time for the meeting has come. You are in a flutter of excitement. You haven't too much to do, but the failure or success of the society falls on all its members alike. The short program is soon over. The girls did beautifully, you think. You are proud of being a Philomathean.

Commencement days are past, and it is time to go home for these long months.

The three long months are three very short ones, and you are back under the car shed at Macon. You are not lonely now. You know what lies before you. You are an old girl. As you enter the college door you see your roommate. You fly at her in the way that was so incomprehensible to you last year. You go off arm in arm with her, asking which of the girls have come back; who the Philomatheans want; what kind of girls are the new ones; and which society is on top now in the rush. You fall into the way of paying those kindnesses and courtesies to the new girls that were paid to you last year. You find they are not casual trifles, but deep laid plans that absorb your whole time. You neglect all your school work for the first few weeks You may be able to make that up for examinations. You can't make up society work. That waits for no one. At last the initiation is over, and you settle down to a hard year's work.

It seems such a short time since school opened when you begin work for the exhibition; you have to work hard, too. You are up in the morning with the birds, studying away at your part, and you are up late at night practicing it. Final examinations coming on makes no difference in the amount of practicing you have to do. It is for the Philomathean exhibition and it must be a success.



Like all things so resolutely determined and worked for, it is one.

Junior year! How you hate it! You used to be told you were a bright class in your Freshman and Sophomore days. No one tells you that now, though you study harder than you ever did before. You dig, dig, dig, from morning till night, but do not seem to accomplish anything. Each teacher exerts himself to put more work on you than the rest. You feel that each succeeds. You have very little time for society joys, but they only seem sweeter by reason of their rarity.

All things have an end, and at last your despised Junior year comes to a close.

A Senior! You have at last attained the place of the girl you so much envied in your callow Freshman days. The goal toward which you have been cherishing so long is at last in sight.

You are one of the leading girls in school now and the leader in your society. You have been a member longer than anyone, for your Freshman mates have fallen by the wayside of the rugged road that leads from Fresh to Senior.

A misunderstanding arises with the opposing society. It falls on you to conduct the war that follows. You do not like these party strifes. They seem to lower the standard of both societies. But there is warrior blood in your veins, for in spite of your mind's disapproval, your heart gives a little bound at the prospect of conflict. You have tried the steel of your trusty woman's weapons, your tongue, many times during the past three years in strifes with the Adelpheans, and cannot help but feel a little joy at the thought of a final combat in which you act as general. * * *

Peace is at last restored. You and your faithful fellow soldiers are satisfied. You carried the day with flying colors—what matters it if the other side think they did also?

You are tremendously interested in the exhibition this year. The Adelpheans had an unusually good one last year, and the Philomathean must be at least a little better.

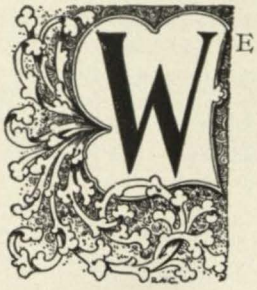
You have the leading part. You have worked very hard. Suppose you should make yourself sick? But, no, you do not mean to get sick. This last thing you do for your society must be the very best that is in you to do—and it is the best. Through you the Philomatheans have scored another success.

Graduating day, the day to which you have looked forward so long, the day you have despaired so many times of reaching. All the difficulties have been removed, all the obstacles surmounted. You have ever thought of it as a day of happiness, but as you step out in front of your class to read your valedictory, you realize that it is saying goodbye in earnest and the happiness is not there. You forget all the troubles, all the disappointments of your college life and remember only its joys. You glance around upon your teachers—those teachers so kind and faithful; upon your classmates, your society mates. It is sad to leave them all. Your hands wander to your talisman, your Philomathean badge, and rest there unconsciously as they did in your sleep the night you were taken in four years ago.

Your voice breaks. It would have failed, but the hand on your pin recalls to your mind your beloved society, and the power which has influenced you so often in the past comes to your help now. Your sisters would not like you to fail, and in a voice sweet and true, you bid farewell to Wesleyan.

MARTHA AUGUSTA PARK

Our Girl



WE see her at front windows,
We see her on the street,
And against her will naught
hinders,
For away she runs quite fleet.

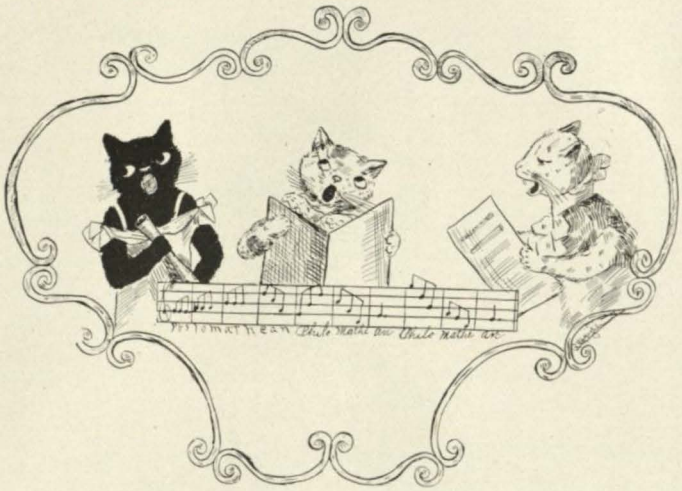
Her suit and hat are always pink,
And she has a jaunty air ;
She flirts and smiles in a way you'd never
think,
While the teachers tear their hair.

She thinks all things are "jouce."
(From church spires down to a mouse) ;
And all club men are "desperately cute,"
And her wild fancy exactly suit.

The Mercer boys are simply divine,
Thinks our girl with mind so fine ;
For them has winks and "fun galore,"
And loves them just a "wee bit" more.

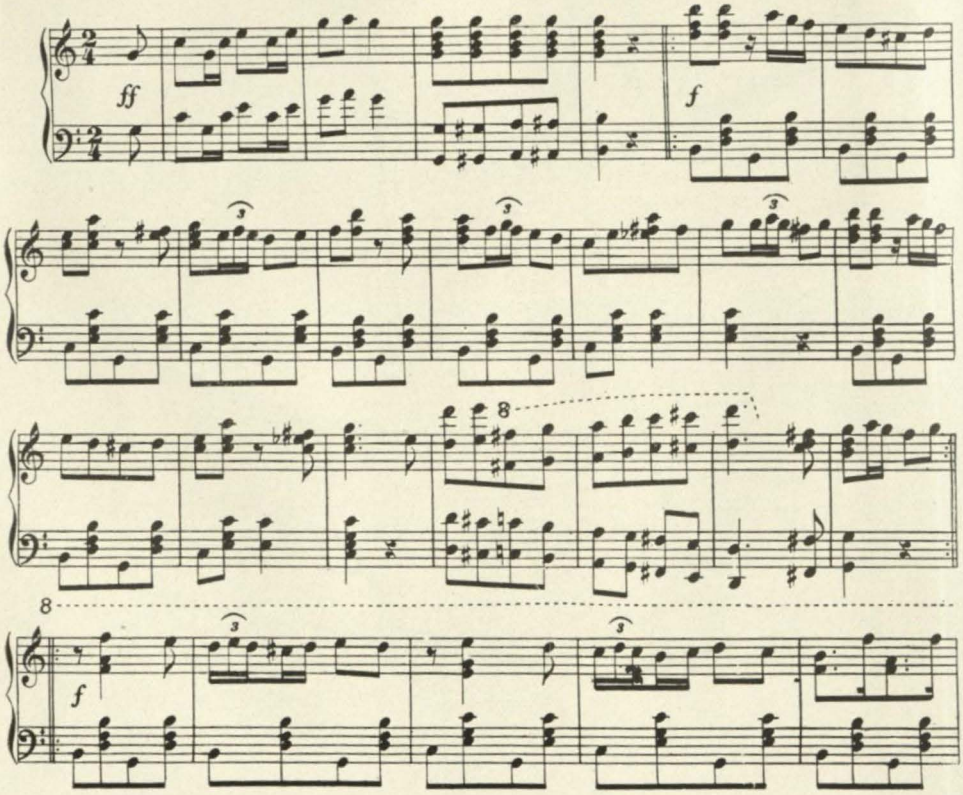
She "dotes" on "frat" pins and candy,
And makes her beaux quite handy ;
For when "in line" they walk behind her,
She gives each one a gentle (?) reminder.

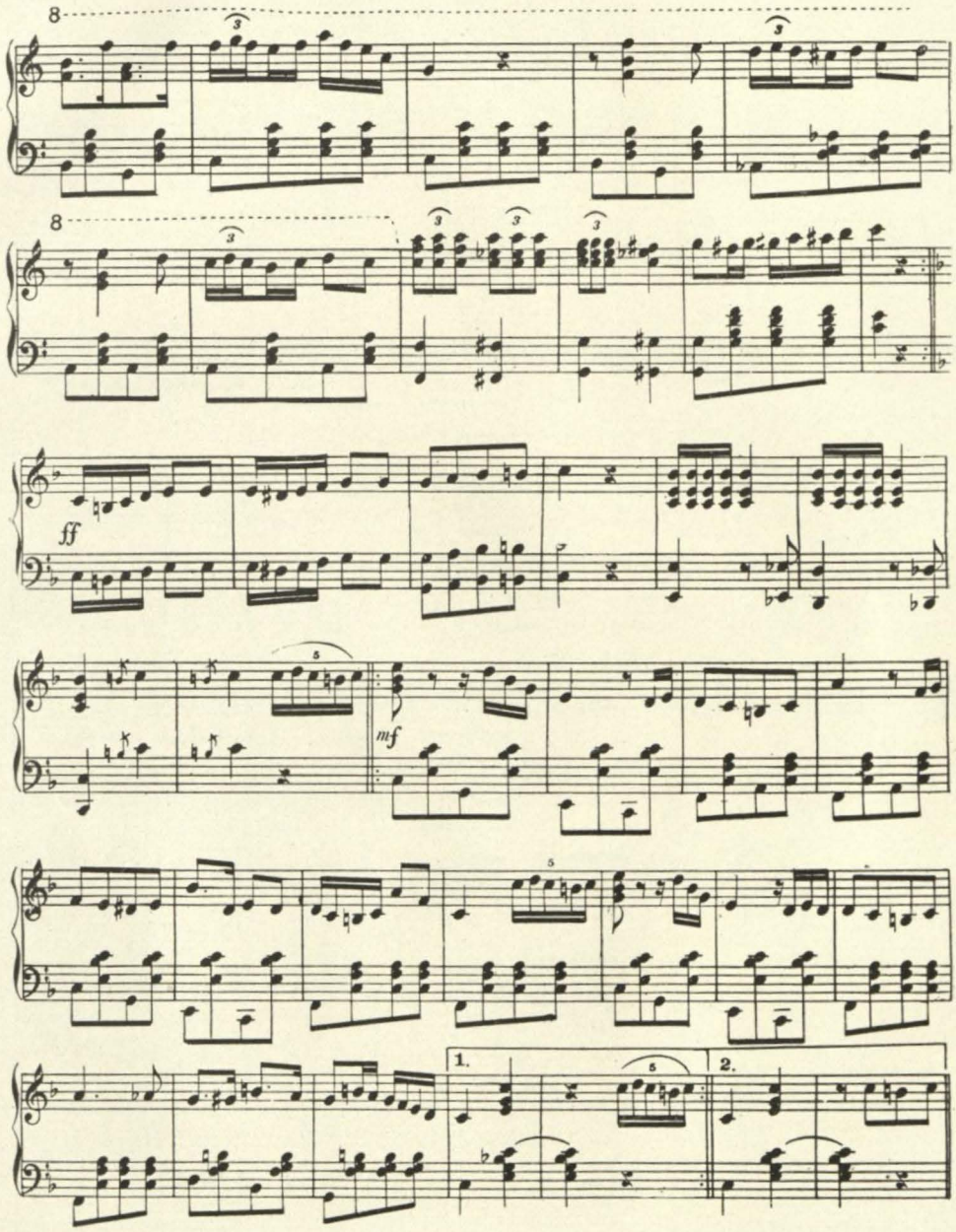
When at the age of tender twenty,
Of love she thinks she has "a plenty."
To this poem an end must be lent,
So our girl goes home—not sent.



Cupid's Darts

Written for PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY. CUSTIS N. GUTTENBERGER

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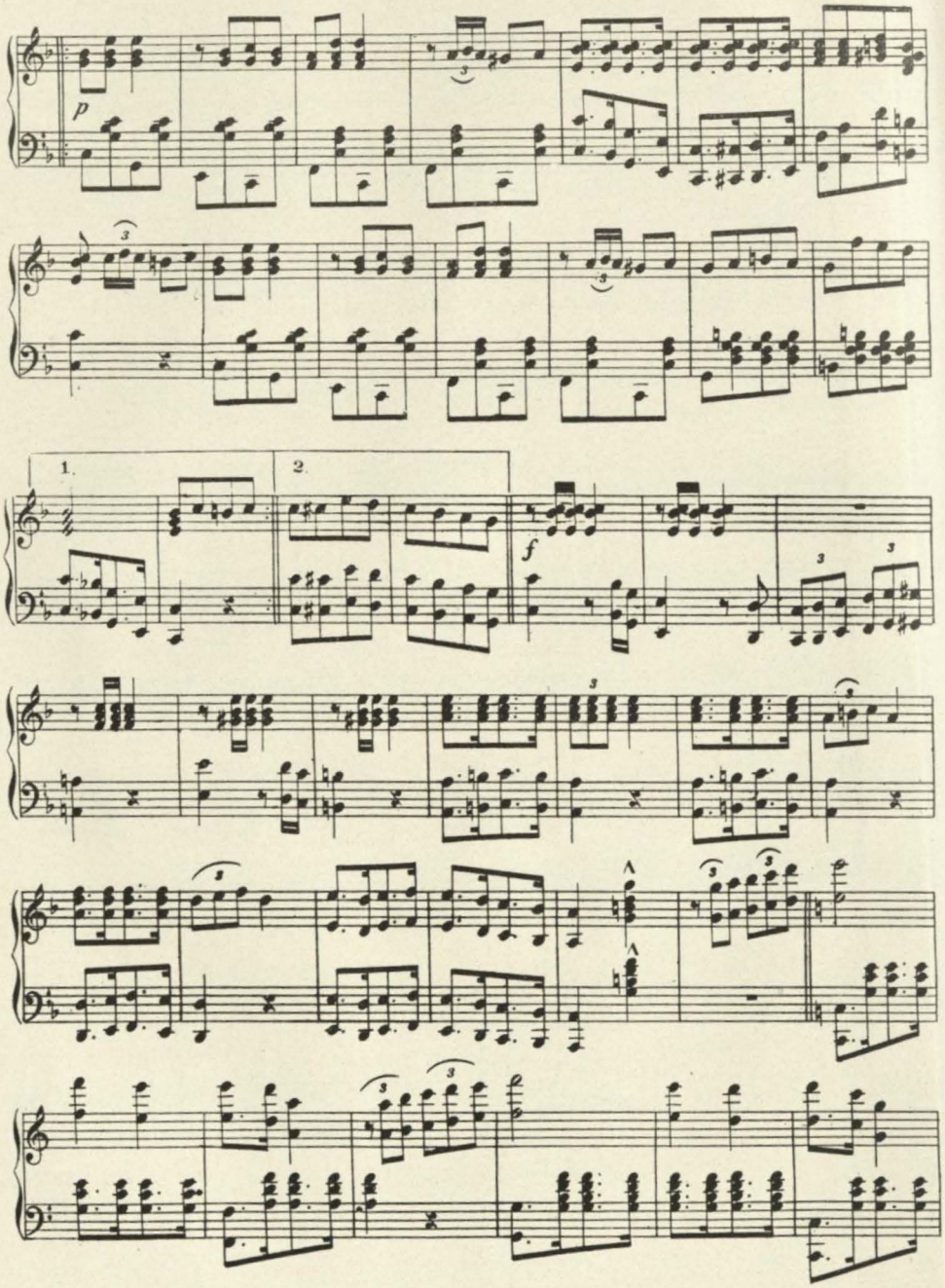
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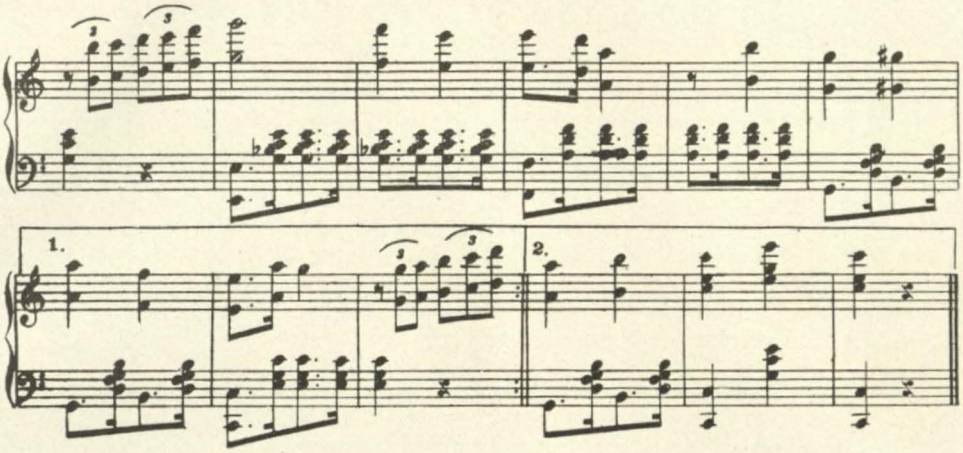
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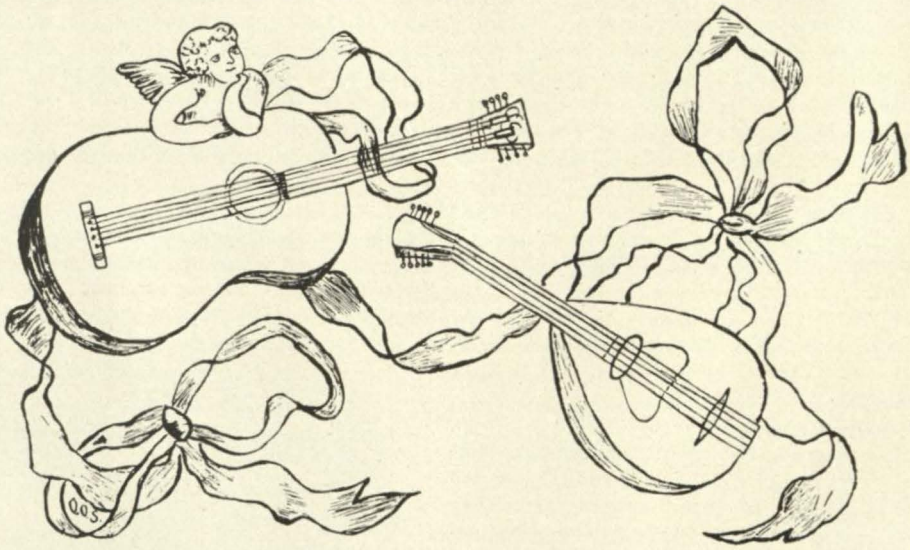


In the Land of Precious Ore

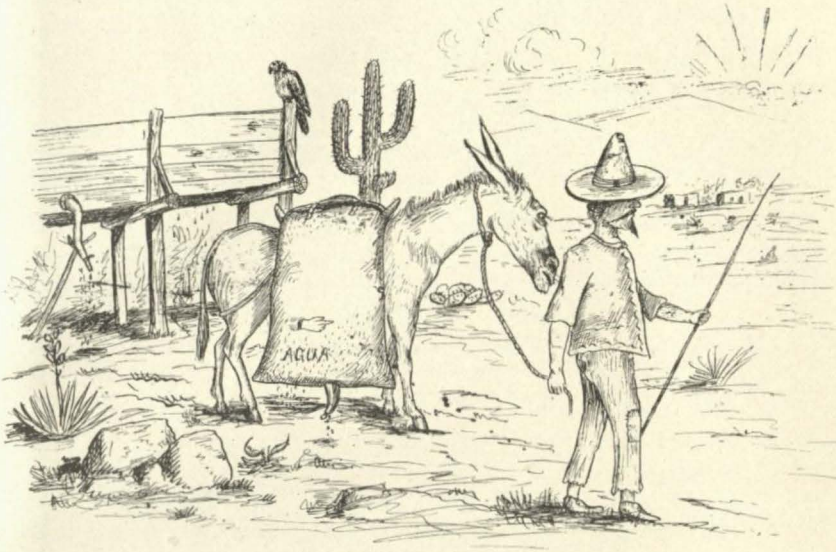
IT was in the Land of Precious Ore. The Land of Precious Ore is not a beautiful country, nor one that the birds love. It is only a fit place for him to come to, who has lost heart, though most of them who come here, come because they are full of heart. They are not so always when they go away from it.

I think I never saw such starved, ignoble nature; nothing throve except rocks. The hills are covered with them; the soil set with them down as deep as a well may go, it seems. They pour through the gullies that eat into the hills during the wet seasons; they grind under every step; they weigh down and kill even the weed's roots. As for vegetation—a few deformed pines twist themselves up out of the heavy ground, and a little grass, hard and knotted, pricks the earth—"as scant as hair in leprosy." But above all, it is the land where the hill of gold is. This hill is the last touch, or, we might say, the chief corner stone of the dreariness of the place. It is as a look of malice on an ugly face. Despite its unchanging harvest of rocks, its dreary void of sounds, its nine months' barrenness of heaven before a drop falls; the men and women in the Land of Precious Ore might eke out some sort of nobility, or even happiness, if it were not for the hill of gold; to the people who cannot help but look at it, it preaches nothing but "Futility," or it laughs at them full of scorn.

Girded about the "loins" of the hill is a drapery of broken and snarled pines. I say "loins," for the hill seems to be sitting, with its feet resting underneath the valley of rocks. It looks squat, but is indeed, by many odds, the tallest mountain in the surrounding country. Its height is lessened by its bigness. From the lap of the valley, where there is the end of a railroad, which, winding and hurrying, leaves the Land of Precious Ore as fast as it can. A path leads at length by many tortuous turns and twists up to the front of the hill of gold. But it has no front. That has been ripped off; and it is this that makes the hill dreadful; all day long it shows to the astonished gaze of the valley its angry wound. From earliest light until closing time of the last broken window-shutter the valley sits in wonder at the fresh-looking sore in the hill side.

Scattered among the growth at the base of the hill, huge boulders and enormous lumps of clay lie pell-mell where the side crumbled. The pines, with bent locks and twisted arms—sometimes with both head and root tangled together—are crawling out from the tons of dirt on them; straight up behind them rises the wall of fresh earth. Between the trees it shows red; above them it towers a threatening height. Its top edge is fringed and bristled with roots sticking out, or trees head down, ready to pull loose. At any moment it may slough off in another slice of mountain.

A horse, once imported to that country, when brought to the foot of the precipice, suddenly becoming aware of it, lifted his head and looked. Then he turned toward his master with a most speaking expression of astonishment. But there is one thing that transfigures the hill of gold to all men's eyes, it is the hill of gold. Men are always found there. Some have been born, grown up and died in



sight of it. Whether they suffered any deformity of person or character, or any want of some part of their being, from this constant association with the broken hill, I do not know ; but there are one or two old tales that lead on to suspect it. The population, however, like the grass, is thin. The allurements of the hill of gold draw many, but only a few remain; the rest deserting it under a false notion that not the entire hill can repay one for the hardships of life in the Land of Precious Ore. Some go away for other reasons. A few die there.

Early one morning of a year too far back for many of us to remember, a man burrowing into the very midmost bowels of the hill made a wonderful discovery. In the darkness his hand had reached out and touched the skirts of riches. At the feeling, suddenly the whole blackness about his touch sparkled with wealth. His very pick gleamed; he felt himself, his heart, swiftly metamorphosing into the hardest and most inexorable gold. At the discovery he lifted up his voice and howled in joy He laughed out of the very pit of the earth.

For five years or more he had been prying and digging, and peering and peeping ; and now at last he had found it—wealth! The man spent but a moment to gloat over the thought; than he went to work again, harder than ever. Without food, without sleep, for three days and three nights he continued in the darkness, digging and digging. He forgot everything—he forgot hunger, fatigue, darkness, foul air, cold, loneliness, silence—but that he must dig. He himself was only a tool that digged.

At the end of the three days he appeared at the mouth of the tunnel. No need to publish his future. It was written on his face. The men knew, the moment they saw him ; and word flashed over the valley that the hill of gold had yielded herself to him.

It reached his wife's ears ; she, too, had not slept for three nights ; for she was one of those silly women who wear out their beauty with foolish fears, when one of their own may be absent and doing well enough.

"Oh, my dear husband ! my dearest !" she cried to herself so soon as the tardy gossip had taken her leave. "Now you will be happy ! Now, at last, you have what you deserve." She thought so. The woman cleaned and tidied her hut more carefully than usual, and did not neglect to dress herself in fresh things, arranging her hair as her husband liked it.

"And oh, my darling," she kept thinking, as she flew about her duties (never in any way to indicate her three sleepless nights), "we will look our best for you when you come in. Here, baby, let me make you comfortable and sweet. Father must not find you fretting" And she dressed and nursed the child, laying it to sleep in a clean sheet in its box.

The other two children she washed and combed, her heart singing within her all the time, and uttering some of its mute music on her cheeks. She was as glowing as she had been during those early days when a handsome stranger from the east, he began to walk with her in those beautiful vales. She was no better educated than to think the Land of Precious Ore beautiful!

Midday came, but not yet her husband. She forgave him, for she knew it would be hard for him to get away from his friends. "And he is tired," she said, "and the road is so long and rough." She went out and looked toward the hill of gold. She went to bless it; but when her eyes lighted on the great wound in its side a heaviness overtook her, and her tongue refused to bless.

And the sun went westward. "He will be here soon," she sighed. Then to keep her face from looking tired or anxious, she began to encourage cheerful thoughts. "Oh, my dear, you shall go back now to your beautiful home in the east, where *your* kind of people are; ladies with white hands and men who wear white shirts all the time. He has talked so much about it, dear love; and now he can go. He can have what he wants—what he ought to have."

"I'm sleepy 'n hungry! Give me some bread."

Her boy and girl, soiled in spite of her watchfulness, came begging for attention. She wanted to wash and dress them again, but they would not let her—insisting on supper. The baby waked, crying. Finally, one after the other, with coaxing and humoring, she had them, while it was still less than dusk, all three tucked in their bunks.

"How he used to talk about sending our girl to school," she said, fixing the sheets. "I remember as soon as she came, he began to talk about it; and he was glad because she favored his mother; and when the boy came, 'Oh,' he said, 'he would be the treasure of his mother and sisters, for he is the only one to keep the name alive.' Oh, husband, and now you will do all the things you wished to! The children shall go to school and learn how to do; they will be like you and know how to talk like you, and your hands will be beautiful and white again, like they were when you first came. That time you kissed my brown one!" She never forgot it. The woman went to the door and looked along the path; then turning back, stooped a moment over her children. They slept sweetly.

She slipped out, being very gentle with the latch, and started down the path. There was no danger to threaten any one in the Land of Precious Ore, except the danger of the falling of the hill of gold. Dusk was in the sky, being laid with a thick cloud coming up over the hill.

The woman faced that way and hurried forward. Now and then she met a solitary man or a little party of two or three. They nodded to her, but did not stop to speak.

"They think I'll look down on them now," she said, with sorrow and surprise. "Why, I only wish every one of them could have the same kind of luck as my dear husband."

On her way, as she glanced from side to side, there was a pulling of sadness at her heart. She was going to leave those pine stunts and rocks and gullies soon. She whispered them a farewell.

She was, perhaps, the only person in the Land of Precious Ore who had not been taught how dismal a place it is. She had no more wisdom than to love it.

"But my dear husband does not like it,"

she thought, "and I am glad. I am glad he can go away and leave it. He shan't have to stay any longer where he doesn't like to stay." She tried to shame her grief in gloating for him. At length the woman arrived on the swell of a rise in the land, in sight of the trees girding the hill of gold. In the stillness she could hear the faint chicking of a pick, which caused her to hasten.

"Oh, I ought to have brought him his supper. May be he has gone back to work. I know he is hungry."

The man who had been knocking his tools against a rock approached her in the gloom.

"Oh, good evenin'," he said, when he saw who she was, and passed on.

She looked after him a moment, then turned again toward the hill. Its cliff frowned over her. As she approached, entering the shadow of the pines, she had a nonsensical feeling that the hill was about to whisper a dreadful secret to her. Then she upbraided herself for her folly. But her foolish heart began to be restless.

"Oh, husband, husband, where are you? Call me! But hush, what a simpleton I am; he'll be here directly. I believe I hear him now." She went stumbling and crawling on amongst the debris of the fallen mountain. She came within hearing of a group of men but could scarcely discern them in the dusk. They were speaking her husband's name. Her silly heart took fire again. "They all know now what a man he is. They will be proud to speak to him now and this valley will never forget him. The children to be born here will be told about my husband. Perhaps he is standing there with them."

But he was not. The men answered her and then quickly dispersed. Why did not one of them wish her well? She was hurt with them. But her husband! It seemed to her that if he did not come soon she would scream. She began to scramble over boulder and through brier in confusion, almost sobbing. Just as she reached the entrance to one of the tunnels, a man came out. He had some earth in his hand, at which he was gazing curiously. The woman ran to meet him. It was only the man who stayed at the railroad station.

"Why, husband!" she cried, falling at his feet. She had truly lost her wits. The man lifted her up and peered into her face, then he bade her stand up. When she saw that it was not her husband she did not cry out nor faint, but obeying him staggered to her feet and stood waiting for him to speak.

"Go back to your children," he said, or it was the hill of gold speaking. "They and you will not leave this valley. You ought to be glad, woman, that you love it, and you ought to love it," he said, in a strange voice, "for nobody in it has the treasure that you have found."

"My husband," began her trembling lips.

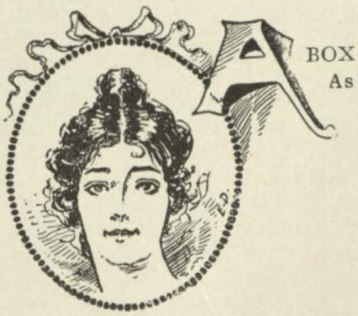
"No; you have the treasure. Your husband found a bag of dirt, and—" then he turned as if he might go away from her; "he left to-day for the east."

This is the old tale, as I received it from my most ancient and honored of friends. He once lived in the Land of Precious Ore, and knew about it. When he came to the end of the story he said: "The man who made the great discovery inside the hill of gold went away with his riches; but it turned out, in his hurry, that he overlooked a most precious gem, whose value far exceeded all the gold he had in his bag. Years after, the children he deserted found this gem, and crowned their whole life with blessings." But the old man did not tell me what the gem was.

ANN STEWART ETHERIDGE.

"A Midnight Feast"

To Room No. 43



A BOX! A box!
As heavy as a rock.

Now for a feast!
Ten girls at least.
"Come in! Shut the door!
Just sit on the floor.
Now begin to eat
On that good meat—
Turkey, sausage, ham,
Thank you for the jam!
Then come salads, cake,
Pie, bread, tarts—no fake."

"Oh! ain't it fun!
Sorry when it's dun!

Hark! a gentle rap!
Then a louder tap!

"Girls! the gas bell's rung!
Then things must be flung.

(Right by Mary's head,
Way under the bed!
A clatter!
A splatter!
Hide that
With a hat!
Hold this
Little Miss!)

Bum!!
Cum!!
"Yes' um!"
All is mum
Not a crum
In sight
Tonight!

But alas! the room
Must receive their doom!

Yet we wonder why,
Always when we try
To do what is right
('Cept maybe one night),
Some marks are so low
We just hate to show
Them to home folk
Less we may provoke.

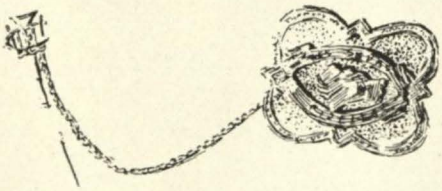
Then no more feast
For some time at least.

JAMIE FREDERICK

THREE LETTERS
AND A
PHILOMATHEAN

BY

HELENA EASTMAN OGDEN



MACON, GEORGIA.

Three Letters and a Philomathean

Margarette De Kay, a Junior at Wesleyan College, meets at the Philomathean reception the rising young author, James Yaw.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued

And that summer they meet again and become engaged.

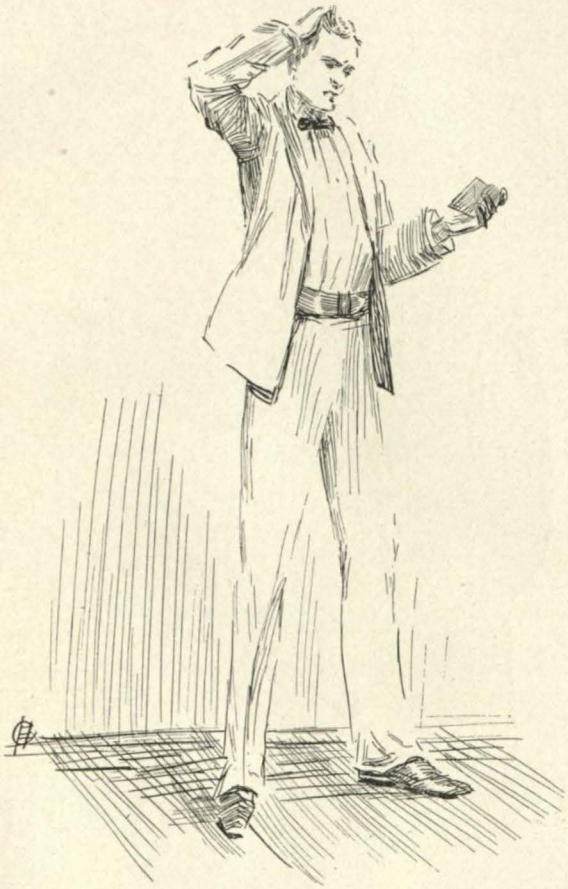
Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued

The following winter, when she is once more at Wesleyan, Margarette receives a letter from her eccentric uncle, her guardian, who has just returned from a two years' stay abroad. He states his intentions to marry her to the manager of his stained-glass works, a fine young man, James Wayland by name, the wedding present to be a partnership in the business. He refuses his consent to her engagement to James Yaw, considering it only a school-girl's fancy and telling her that she will outgrow it in a few weeks, or a few months at the most.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued

But Miss De Kay is of a different opinion. She writes at once to her lover, telling him that she will give up her fortune by marrying against her uncle's wishes (as in the will by which she inherited the property it was expressly stated that she would forfeit her inheritance if she married under the age of twenty-one without her uncle's consent). This letter she hands to the professor, asking him to mail it for her. This happens in March.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued



About the middle of May James Wayland is surprised and horrified by receiving from the Dead Letter Office a letter that he himself had written and mailed to Margarette weeks before, and had anxiously awaited a reply, which, of course, never came. This letter had informed Margarette that he and young Yaw were one and the same person. He had begged her forgiveness and had excused himself by telling her that he had known of her absolute refusal to meet him, on general principle disliking him before she knew him even by sight, just because her uncle was so determined to have her marry him; so, having seen her several times, and having admired her more than any other girl he had ever known, he had determined to win her under his nom de plume, James Yaw.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued

And about this same time, at Wesleyan, the old professor finds Margarette's important letter in his overcoat pocket, where he had absent-mindedly put it more than two months before. This discovery of course explains to Margarette the reason her lover had never answered this most vital of all messages she had ever sent him.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Continued

On her graduation morning, a few days later, life seemed happier than it ever had before. She has gladly forgiven young Wayland's masquerading, she having felt herself to be the culprit for ever doubting her lover's affections even in his unexplained silence. Her uncle, as may be supposed, is at hand with his consent and blessing.

Three Letters and a Philomathean—Concluded

And a few weeks later she is ready for the post-graduate course of matrimony.

HELENA EASTMAN OGDEN

Wesleyan Bells

HOW the world has been thrilled by the ringing of a bell, when in some great crisis of history the bell has pealed forth a message to mankind! Such was the mission of America's great Liberty bell, now so honored and revered, tho' its old sides are cracked and its voice forever hushed.

The pen of man has immortalized the Curfew bell and given us in poetic story so beautiful a tribute to courage and heroism that the heart of the world is stirred by it.

Perhaps many of the people of Macon have never known that there hangs in their midst a bell that has a noble history. It is this bell, our own Wesleyan chapel bell that I would immortalize if I could. Travelers tell us there are those living within the roar of Niagara's cataract who know only its thunders and have never gazed upon its grandeur. So, perhaps the people of Macon hear the voice of our chapel bell calling us to duty, but do not appreciate its historic value.

During the history of the college there have been only two such bells. The first of these was placed on a frame in the yard under the trees. In January, 1839, it rang out through the clear frosty air, proclaiming to the world the good news of education and liberty for the mind of woman. It called together not only the school, but the people of Macon, who assembled and in an appropriate and formal manner celebrated the dedication of this institution, which has helped to make Macon's name famous.

And there on the frame, unprotected from the weather, hung this noble bell, content to do its duty until it should have another call.

About this time our fathers were fighting for their rights and our rights. They lacked ammunition and a call was made throughout our land for brass and metal to melt. It was then that the chapel bell had its mission changed. The trustees felt that they must help in this courageous struggle, and in their love and patriotism for the dear Southland sent this bell, which was melted into cannon balls. For awhile there was no chapel bell, the smaller ones being used in its stead. But there was no complaint; it was rather deemed a joy to be able to sacrifice something for the cause, and to know that Wesleyan, too, could lend a helping hand.

Then the war closed and a bell was sought to take the place of the old one. During the war St. Michael's church in Charleston, S. C., had sent the bells from her chimes to be melted as Wesleyan's had been. One of these happened not to be used thus, and tradition says that it is now the Wesleyan chapel bell.

Like the former bell, it was placed on a frame, unprotected, unshielded from the weather.

But it was not doomed to remain thus. Our noble benefactor, George I. Seney, gave an endowment and building fund, with which the buildings were repaired and remodeled. The bell was then lifted from its humble place and given its present exalted position. And there it hangs, daily doing its duty—except April 1, which it always reserves as a legal holiday.

How dull and monotonous would be the life of a Wesleyan girl were it not for the countless other little bells which she hears daily, hourly. All day long there is a broken strain of bells, and if the Wesleyan girl would have her life harmonious and free from discord she must all the while be

> "Keeping time, time, time,
> In a sort of Runic rhyme
> To the tintinabulation that so musically wells,
> From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
> From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells."

The first sound that reaches her ear in the morning, breaking those peaceful slumbers so dear to the heart of a school girl, is the rising bell—cruel brazen-voiced bell! The Wesleyan girl becomes a heroine as she lets the beautiful dreams quickly vanish, to be exchanged by the day's cold duties, because of

> "The clamor and the clangor
> The jangling and the wrangling of this bell."

Then comes the silver-voiced breakfast bell, and the girl who must be obedient to these many-voiced bells, delights to press the button and ring the elevator bell, whose tones may not be so musical to the elevator boy. In time, come the door bell, the gymnasium bell; the former may bring unexpected pleasure, but the latter always announces "Gym," who comes too often and stays too long.

O, Wesleyan is indeed rich in bells, but her pride is not so much in her noble chapel bell, nor in these smaller bells that keep her great system in perfect motion, but in the belles who have gone from towers to ring and chime in other places. Think of her Mission belles—Mexican, African, Chinese, Brazilian and Indian Territory. They have chimed the "glad tidings of great joy" to the nations of the earth who knew it not. As England boasts that the sun never sets on her dominion, so may Wesleyan boast that it never sets on her belles, for they are heard in all parts of the earth.

Among Wesleyan's chimes are the Reform belles: Miss Clara De Graffenreid and Miss Mary Patterson of your own city have rung out loud and earnestly, and their message has been a plea for the children of the poor who are often so heavily burdened with labor that their vitality seems crushed. Surely they will be the Liberty belles of such children.

And lastly her Modern belles. It may be that you have heard them ring and know the tone and message of each—the Park belle, the Night belle and the Hall belle. And does not the modern belle suggest to the mind, the beau? Who knows what the result may be? Perchance the two may unite and then the result will be a Wesleyan wedding bell.

> "Hear the mellow wedding bell, Golden bell!
> What a world of happiness its harmony foretells,
> On the future, how it tells
> Of the rapture that impels
> To the swinging and the ringing
> Of the bells, bells, bells,
> To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells"

MARY FINNEY

Twilight

THE day is dead; but still faint streaks of crimson, blue and gold,
Are mingled 'mong the western clouds, as if a painter bold
Had dipped his brush into the sun and borrowed of the sky,
But got his colors all mixed up and put them on awry.

And then, as if not satisfied, he into a passion flew—
And here and there you see great dabs of red or a golden hue—
Until sweet night her sable curtain o'er them gently lay,
And they slowly, slowly melt and fade, and die with the closing day.

Then the shadows close around you and hem in twilight's hour,
And you see the diamond drops agleam on the upturned face of a flower;
And I haven't a doubt but you think it's dew—but I'll tell you what they said,
That they were the tears that the stars had shed because of the day that's dead.

From the daisied dell the soft, sad mourn of a dove doth slowly creep,
And the new moon shines with a hazy light, and the stars come out to peep.
Then the faint sound of a bell comes o'er from the lea where you often roam,
And the shadows creep still closer and the cows are coming home.

Then a feeling of sad, sweet sorrow that is more of pleasure than pain,
Comes gently stealing o'er you, and then is gone again!
And you cannot tell and will never know just why that feeling was born—
But now the night has come to reign and twilight hour is gone!

NELLIE WOMACK HINES

The Curiosities of the Philomathean Society

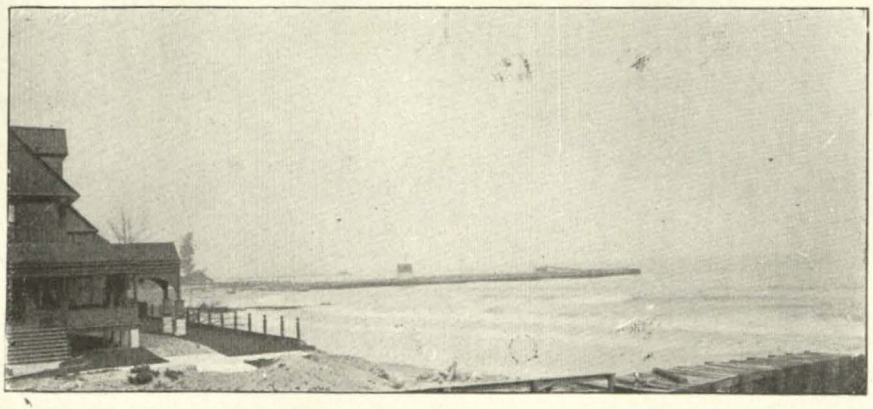
A LASSIE for whom every day is *Knight*,
Another whose blackest hours are *White*,
A queen among girls who is also a *King*,
A *Park* without trees, grass, or birds that sing,
A *Coleman* who doesn't charge high for coal,
A *Land* without river, valley or knoll,
Banks without moss, wild flowers or lichen,
Cooks that never will go near the kitchen,
A *Hall* without ceiling, window or floor,
A maiden who has much but always wants *Moore*,
A *Daniel* who ne'er saw a lion's den,
A *Moon* that rises each morning at ten,
A *Paris* where never a Frenchman is found,
A *Hightower* only five feet from the ground.
We keep all our curios on a neat shelf
And invite you to come up and see for yourself.

The Grand Meeting of 1900

FROM the founding of the society it has been customary to have a Grand Meeting, held each year in the Wesleyan parlors, to which the former members and the honorary members of the society are invited. This occasion is the most important event in the life of a Philomathean. What girl who has ever been to Wesleyan, as a Philomathean, will ever forget with what impatience she waited for the time to come, how anxiously she looked for the arrival of the new dress from home, how she talked and planned, how she tried to study, but gave it up as simply impossible, as she could think of nothing but the approaching good time? And then the meeting itself! But, I am to tell of a certain Grand Meeting, not grand meetings in general. I am to tell of that of 1900 for the benefit of our many former "Faithful Sisters," our friends, and our honorary members, who were not able to be with us.

The annual Grand Meeting of the Philomathean Society was given, as usual, in the Wesleyan parlors. The rooms were pronounced by all to be more beautifully decorated than they had ever been. The color scheme was pink and white, and carnations of those colors with growing palms were the only flowers used.

The programme was unique and entertaining. The invitations had informed the guests that they would be greeted with bells, and they were not disappointed; they were greeted both with bells and by *belles*. In the decoration of the rooms bells formed an important part. Large pink and white bells hung from the arches between the rooms and other small pink ones from the chandeliers. This feature of the evening was also well carried out in the programme. After Miss Eva Lawson, who was acting as President, had called the meeting to order, Miss Louise Frederick read the minutes of the last Grand Meeting; then the programme proper began with a beautiful rendering of "Ring Out Wild Bells," by a chorus of six voices, Misses Houser, Singleton, Adams, Daniel, Murph and Glawson. Miss Annie E. Williams then recited "Shandon Bells," which was followed by an instrumental solo by Miss Pearl Coleman. An original essay, "Wesleyan Bells," was then read by Miss Mary Finney, which treated not only of Wesleyan's famous



chapel bell and its many smaller sisters that are always making themselves heard about the College, but also of her missionary bells, reform bells, and even her modern belles, hinting that some day Wesleyan might even claim a wedding bell. This was followed by a recitation by Miss Mary McAndrew, "The Creed of the Bells," and then a vocal solo by Miss Mary Belle Adams. The next number was a recitation, "The Bell of Atri," by Miss Rose Bud Bivings, and then, after an instrumental solo by Miss Miss Kate Glawson, Miss Mattie Hatcher and Miss Aleen Moon delighted the guests with a farce, "A Fond Delusion." The last number on the programme, another chorus, "Evening Bells," was then given by the six young ladies formerly mentioned.

After the programme refreshments, consisting of ice cream, cake, mints and almonds, were served by the girls, and the guests spent a pleasant hour in talking to their friends and meeting the members of the present society.

This year a new feature was introduced into the entertainment in having Card's Orchestra to furnish music for the entertainment of the guests after the completion of the programme. This proved to be a delightful and fitting close to a very pleasant evening, and the guests lingered until a late hour enjoying the music and the silvery notes of the sweet voices of the "belles."

THE WESLEYAN PARLORS AT GRAND MEETING OF 1900

A Morning in Florence

N a tenement house of old New York
A wonderful landscape hung,
A Titian whose beauty and coloring-rich
The critics once ardently sung.

A lost bit of art, hidden long from the world,
The old world of art which bore it—
As much out of place as the beautiful face
Of the woman who stood before it.

She, too, was patrician; a true Titian type
Of coloring, vivid and rare,
From delicate pink of her proud curved lips
To the braids of her dull-red hair.

She was no longer young; sorrow, poverty, each
O'er her pathway its shadow had cast;
Now her picture must go; her lover's last gift,
The one link between her and the past.

"A Morning in Florence;" 'twas a picturesque bridge
Where the sheltering trees hung low,
And the Arno, bright, in the gay sunlight
Swept beneath in a noisy flow.

Near by were the gloomy, grand old streets,
Massive, in Austere lines;
Away to the North were the sloping hills
With villas, and gardens and vines.

The gray of the dark, and shadowing walls;
The gold of a sun-kissed land;
The skies' blended hue of amber and blue
Dashed in by a Master hand.

She recalled with a pang that morning in June
When they rambled old Florence through
With true tourist zest, hunting—the best
From the Masters both ancient and new,

Till they found this life sketch, a treasure to make
The blood of an Aesthete, stir;
And with lover-like joy at her girlish delight
He bought it, and gave it to her

Then like merry children away they ran
Till they found the identical place;
The quaint old stone bridge, the low sweeping trees
The bright Arno, in its swift race.

Then they quarreled, as only young lovers will do;
From her finger she snatched off his ring,
And into the turbulent waters below
It went with an angry fling.

For a moment he stood with trembling lips
His eyes in a terrible stare,
Then he turned without speaking, walked quickly away
And left her alone standing there.

* * * * * * * *

Fifteen years had gone by since she looked on his face;
To her years of hardship untold.
He had married and buried the wife of his youth,
Had grown wealthy, exclusive and cold.

So deep is her thought she has not heard the step
Of a man in the open door-way,
Who stares in surprise with his soul in his eyes
At the Quaker-like figure in gray.

He notes in dull pain the bare, scanty room,
Her garments once handsome, now old.
Great heaven! that *she* should know poverty's sting
While he had been piling up gold.

"Jeanette," he spoke softly; the woman quick turned
In fright to the man at the door.
Ah! had he come forth from that old stone bridge,
And were they in Florence, once more—?

He had changed and grown older; his cold, classic face
Lines of worry and care now bore;
But the eyes were still youthful and in their soft light
She read the old love as of yore.

He crossed the floor quickly and lovingly touched
The braids of her red-gold head.
"I came here to purchase your pictnre, my dear,
But I want you too," he said.

"Jeanette, look there!" to the canvass he points,
Where the waters of Arno glide;
"You buried not only my ring that day,
But the joy of my life beside.

The bridge in old Florence is standing today,
'Neath skies of the same soft hue;
Let us go once again to the old trysting place
And plight our betrothal anew."

The woman looked down at her shabby old [gown
And then at the room so folorn—
"Are you sure it's not *pity*, Robert?" she asks
With a touch of the old-time scorn.

"Nay, *love*," he cried hotly; "O why will you doubt—?
Men have but one love that is true.
You proud little rebel, how happy I'll be
In making life easy for you!"

* * * * * * * *

A Morning in Florence; surely never before
Were there skies of such amethyst gray;
And never a dream of a sylvan stream
As fair as the *Arno* that day.

On the old bridge a couple in silence look down
Where the waters of Arno wind;
The restless river an emblem seemed
Of the troubles they'd left behind.

Then they lifted their eyes to the peaceful skies
For the promise of sweet calm there—
The man of the earnest, classic face
And his bride of the red-gold hair.

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES

A Philomathean Dream

Dedicated to M. McA.

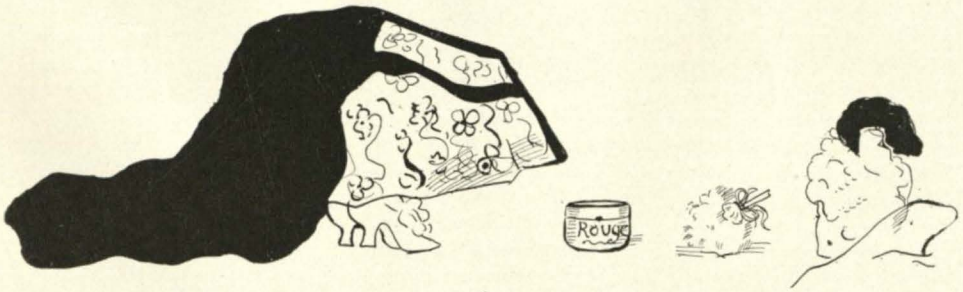
How it came about that the long room in the front on the fourth story of Wesleyan College fell to the Philomathean society as a hall is not now known, but it sufficeth to say that from the window of the front room is a most beautiful view, and of this the Philomatheans are very proud. And it is with a romance about this window that my story has to deal.

This romance was told to me by a little woman whom I half suspected, from her quaint attire and charming manner, of being a fairy.

"Well," said she "quite a number of years ago, when my father, my mother, and I were passing through Georgia on the way from our northern home to Florida, we stopped over here in Macon to visit Wesleyan, the oldest women's college in the world. It was a mellow autumn afternoon that I first found myself gazing through that front window of the Philomathean Hall upon a view so beautiful that my heart swelled within me at the thought that the hand that made it also made me—little insignificant me!

"The sun was setting behind the college, but its rays lingered on the far-away hills and lovingly caressed the nearer church spires as though bidding them a sweet au revoir, and giving them a kiss in promise of his return on the morrow.

"Oh! what a beautiful world! I believe it is fairy land! said I to myself, and immediately I saw the glancing of sunlight on the armor and helmets of knights riding through the woods over beyond the city in the east. Then my brain quickly filled the street below with gilded coaches in which rode fair dames and lassies clad in the old-time elegance of brocades with long trains, high heels, paint, powder and patches.



"Passing the coaches on horseback from time to time were the grand-looking gentlemen who bowed low to the passing fair.

"At length, I saw a young man come dashing down the street and stop his horse for a moment at a sign from some one within a passing coach. Off came his hat, and his head bowed low over the horse's neck in obeisance to the fair personage within the coach. Would you believe it? When he raised his head to shake back the blonde curls on his forhead, he suddenly caught sight of the window where I sat, and for a moment I seemed to look into the soul of the handsome boy, so long and steadfastly did we gaze each at the other's face.

"At this moment I felt a hand on my shoulder and I heard my father saying that the poor, tired child had fallen asleep:—'Wake up, dearie, we must hurry to the hotel for supper that we may not miss our train.' I had fallen asleep and dreamed it all as I looked from the Philomathean window."

"That isn't all, is it?" I found myself saying in a distressed way to the quaint little lady, when I suddenly sat up in bed and found that I too had been dreaming, and that there was no one there at all.

Distressed at the sudden end of what had promised to be a most interesting story, I thought each night that surely before morning I should finish my dream. But such good luck did not come to me until months after when on the train, I overheard a dreamy-looking blonde-haired young fellow telling this story to the person sitting next to him:

"Yes," he said, "I am on my way to Macon to visit Wesleyan College. There is a fond association in our family history with a certain window in that college, because long years ago when my grandfather was a young man of twenty-two, he was riding by the college one autumn afternoon and happening to look up, he saw, framed in by a little gabled window, the prettiest face in all the world. I've often heard him say how startled he was when he realized that he had stopped his horse and gazed a full three minutes at the beautiful girl in the window.

"I should probably bore you if I told you, as I have so often heard it told by the old gentlemen himself, how my grandfather lived from that day but to see that face again and to know the girl herself; how he made effort after effort to find out something about her, but never succeeded. However, I will say that he made up his mind to find that girl at some future day, and well he knew that his happiness in life would be but a hopeless affair without her.

"For three years he never failed to look at that window in passing the college, and on the anniversary of that past afternoon in the autumn when first he saw the vision, he was passing the college on horseback, and as he gazed up at the window and dreamed again the dream of yore, saw again the same fair face, the same earnest look as if gazing into his soul, he stopped his horse and lost himself in his dream.

"Accosted by a friend, he rubbed his eyes and looked again at the window, and this time the vision was real. Then followed a flirtation from the college window. At the same hour each day he saw her there. Once she threw out a bunch of violets that lodged on the second story roof of the piazza, and at night he stole in and climbed up and got them. They say there is a vestige of those violets in the family yet but I haven't seen them."

"All out for Macon!" roared the conductor, and looking around I found myself the last person to leave the car, and to this day I don't know whether that blonde boy in front of me told the story or whether I dreamed it. What think you?

* * * * * * * * *

On going hurriedly into the Philomathean Hall to look for a book, I stopped inside the door as I closed it and said to myself: "What a sacred hush about the place!" Standing

there, lost in reverie, late in an afternoon in autumn, I looked toward the window and saw that it was open. By it stood an old gray-haired gentleman with a sweet, dignified air. He was holding the hand of the quaint little woman of my dream, and together they were gazing at the view from the window. I dared not move; I scarcely breathed, as through the sacred stillness I heard her say:

"And wasn't it sweet, John, the way it began? I saw you in a dream, clad in knightly array, but I know now that it was really you down there in the street looking up here at me."

"Yes, dear Margery, it was sweet, that first glimpse of you; those long three years of waiting until your father granted your request and sent you here to school; then our smiles and glances at each other until that first Commencement when I met you. Then a long summer of waiting for your return to school; then a note or two smuggled into the college;

a few meetings at the homes of friends; another long summer before you came back a Senior; then a weary nine months' waiting until the end of your last term when my little eighteen-year-old Margery stayed in Macon to visit a friend, and I ended the six years of waiting by asking her to give her life to me. Have you ever regretted it, Margery?"

"Not once, John," and she nestled up close to him while he leaned over and printed a kiss upon her soft gray hair, half whispering:

"Exquisite view! I wonder if the Philomatheans know what a treasure this window is."

* * * * * * * * *

Approve of college flirtations? Not I! But, reader, if you want to flirt from a college window, go to the Philomathean Hall on an autumn afternoon; there the view is grandest, there the dreams are sweetest, there the thoughts are purest, and I know that the handsomest blonde men in town pass beneath that window.

EDITH DEAN STETSON.

OUR GIRL

Carnations

'Twas a bright pink bunch of carnations
That first touched the maiden's heart
As they nodded and smiled at each other,
First together and then apart.
Said the fair young maid as she spied them:
"They're the sweetest flowers that grow,
And tomorrow to Wesleyan I'll wear some,
Where for the first time I go."

As the golden-haired lassie came tripping
To the college on the following day
She wore a bunch of carnations
Which she thought of much on her way.
Before she was hardly aware
That her journey was at an end,
She beheld a crowd of sweet maidens
As the steps she was 'bout to ascend.

"You are ours," shouted a chorus of voices
As the maiden entered the door,
"For you wear a bunch of carnations, dear,
And we love you as never before."
The fair young maid is a "Philly,"
And whenever we ask her why,
"Carnations," she whispers gladly,
With a light in her soft brown eye.
But we all know the rest of the story,
For she always ends it so,
"Carnations, dear sisters, are the sweetest flowers that grow."

SARAH HELEN LAND

What They Say

R. ROBERTS, at the opening of school, much elated:
"Young ladies, have you all matriculated?"

Prof. Hinton, with a mind as broad as creation:
"Young ladies, please do not indulge in conversation."

Prof. Forster, as Mulberry bells begin to chime:
"Girls, be sure to be on time."

Miss Allen, with a smile so benign:
"Girls, do not forget to sign."

Prof. Bonnell, with a glance of defiance:
"Seniors, you must study science."

Mrs. Cobb, with a voice so clear:
"Girls, tomorrow you will write on Shakespeare."

Miss Loudon, always on the alert:
"Girls, be sure to get tickets for the concert."

Mrs. Shinholser always says so precisely:
"Now practice hard and you'll play that nicely."

Miss Parkinson, so dear, but very high strung:
"Young ladies, the last gas bell has rung."

Miss White, into chapel she'll go:
"Girls, don't sing so miserably slow."

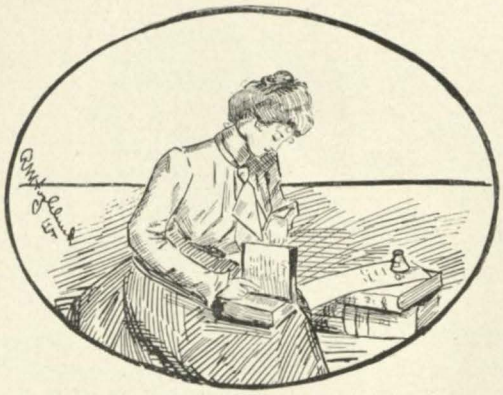
Mrs. Burks, with a "good morning" for every one:
"History repeats itself; nothing new under the sun."

Miss Picket, who always speaks so low:
"No, dearie, no."

Miss Lewis, no matter how much you fret her,
Always says sweetly: "That's better, that's better."

Madam Bloomstin, with a glance from her soft, brown eyes:
"Young ladies, please prepare this French exercise."

Miss Loreaux, last, but not least;
"Dear, won't you practice your piece?"



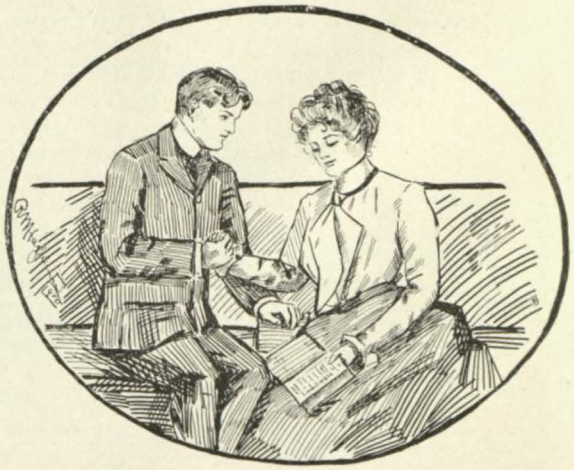
The Wesleyan Graduate

They ushered him in at the sitting room door,
And he picked his way over the book-littered floor,
Through scratch pads, and blotters, to the deep ingle nook,
Where Jennie sat, lost, in a musty Greek book.
"So glad, John, to see you; sit right here by me."
She made room at her side, on the oaken settee.
The young fellow looked in the maiden's bright eye,
Glanced quickly around him, and heaved a great sigh.
Columbia, Brittanica—both were there;
Wilkinson, on the table, and Smith on the chair;
While making her essay, his brain was in a whirl,
He was nearly dead to make love to the girl.
"It's an age, since I found you at home," he said.
"Yes, the *Homeric* age is departed and dead."
"When I heard you were ill, I'ad fear and dismay."
"Yes, the Illiad's story affects one that way."
"Now, listen, please, Jennie, I've something to say."
"Nay, speak not, dear friend, words nothing convey;
On the peaks of Hymettus, no sound is heard;
Not the crash of a tree, or the song of a bird;
Deep feelings are rare, and it's science and sense,
That as air becomes rare, sound becomes less intense."
"Oh! come off," the young fellow plead in despair,
"I care not for Hymettus, and less about air;
It's *Hymen*—not Hymettus, that's bothering me;
I love you, and want you to marry me; See?"
The maiden sat still in astonishment blinking,
But nevertheless, she was doing some thinking.
He disturbed her, un-nerved her, unsettled her poise,
And yet he was—to her—the dearest of boys.
He was jealous and—spunky, but after all's said,
A live lover's better than a Greek one, that's dead.
Mistaking her silence, he went on; said he:
"Now you'll have to give up your Greek heroes, or me;
For months, I've been patient, although not at peace,
While you've raved of, and chased, those blame fellows in Greece.
If you're to that fellow *Prometheus, Bound*,
Why this fellow's out on the very first round;
If you've *Pindared* your faith to some lyrical myth,
Or prefer *Pericles* to John Perry Smith,
Why say so; it'll hurt me quite badly, I own.
But I'll go right away, and leave you alone."
The maiden looked up with reproach in her eyes,
Then whispered quite softly, with quivering sighs:
"Would I have to give up Grecian lyrics and art?"
The young fellow caught both her hands to his heart.
"I'll agree to all your Greek feather's and fuss,
If you won't ignore me, for that *Polygnotus*."

* * * * * * * * *

They have plighted their troth for rough and fair weather.
And are reading the Greek Raphsodist, now, together.

GERTRUDE MANLY JONES



To Our Former Philomatheans

WITH this little volume goes a message of faithful and never-ceasing love to you, our sisters.

Its chief object is to tell you something of our present standing, our members, and our work, so that you may compare the society of the present and of the time when you were here, and see if you think us progressive.

Since '52 many Faithful Sisters have been initiated in college, and after graduation have entered upon their life work. We have enrolled the children and grandchildren of some of our members, thus handing down through generations the signs and symbols, the cherished mottoes, and traditions of this old organization.

This page is a greeting to all of our members Scattered as they are, we occasionally catch glimpses of some of them, of others we hear little.

One of the many distinguished women of the South, whom we are proud to claim as an old Philomathean, is Mrs. Young J. Allen, who, wearing the society colors, went forth as a bride to China with the man who was destined to take a prominent part in forming the policy of that nation.

Years afterward her daughters returned to their mother's college and joined the Faithful Band in its onward march.

Let us, who have worked always as Faithful Sisters in old Wesleyan's halls, feel sure that at whatever place or time a Philomathean recognizes a wearer of her badge, there she finds a friend and sister, whom she can greet with that grip so sacred to both.

VIVA LA PHILOMATHEAN

A Wish

I WOULD that I could be thy bird,
Ah then to me were little need
Out of thy soft white hand to feed
Upon the fresh and tempting seed!
For—were I thy bird—
I'd live upon thy every word.

I'd need no cage were I thy bird;
Caged in thy heart, a captive, I
Beyond its walls could never fly;
To leave my cage would be to die,
So—were I thy bird—
I'd shun all conduct so absurd.

And if I were thy bonny bird,
With love and gladness brimming o'er,
I would such melody outpour
That thou couldst leave me nevermore;
For—were I thy bird—
A better song thou wouldst have heard.

WHAT THE
X
SHOWS

To Our Honorary Members

FOR many years it has been customary for the members of the Philomathean Society to elect to honorary membership a few of their friends who are not eligible to regular membership in their organization.

Their names are enrolled in a special book, and today many pages are covered with signatures, of which we Philomatheans are proud.

Our hall is always open to our Honorary Members, and we would be glad could we know them all personally. And, in turn, we trust that they will be true to the cause, and help us preserve the Society's escutcheon spotless.

It is our aim to keep our Society up to such a standard that it will command the respect of trustees, faculty, and the Macon public.

After the Dance

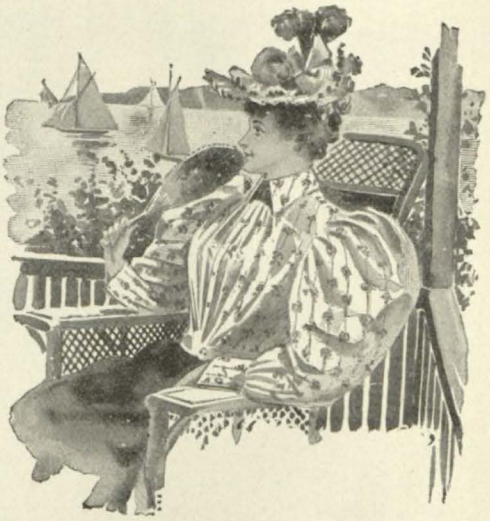
READ softly, my lady is thinking,
As she sits in the firelight dim;
Speak gently, my lady is dreaming,
And her dreams are—of him—of him!
And of how at the dance this evening
He held her hand so tight,
While dark eyes looked love into blue ones,
As they stepped the measures light.

Of how, in the starlit garden,
Her heart on his soft words hung;
How her cheeks grew rosy with blushes
At hearing her praises sung;
And of how—what, tears, my lady?
Why, surely you didn't cry!
It must have been the starlight
That sparkled in your eye.

* * * * * *

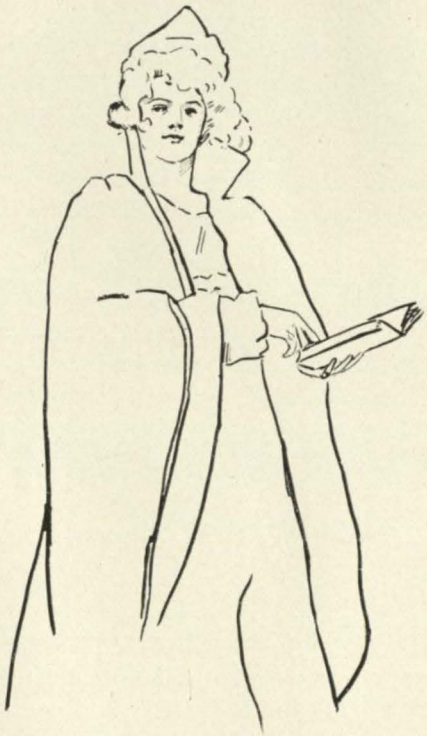
There's no telling what joy will bring us,
And maybe the tear was right;
And I'm sure 'tis a tear I see now
As she murmurs, "God keep him this
night!"

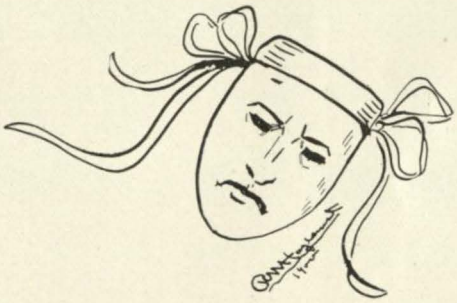
NELLIE WOMACK HINES



Clubs

Shakespeare Club





MARY FINNEY — "She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a veil in her goodness not to do more than she is requested." *Othello, II; 3.*

LOUESE FREDERICK — "The all-seeing sun ne'er saw her match, since first the world begun." *Romeo and Juliet, I; 3.*

LULA HOUSER — "Her eye in heaven would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night."
Romeo and Juliet, II; 2.

EVA KING — "Was never gentle lamb more mild."

EVA LAWSON — "Of all sorts enchantingly beloved."
As You Like It, II, 1.

ALLEEN MOON — "She looks as fresh as morning roses, newly washed in dew."
Midsummer Night's Dream.

JOSIE REID — "A maiden never bold;
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at itself." *Othello, II; 3.*

MARY LUCY WHITE — "A piece above all other dignities,
A still and quiet conscience."

1. MARY LUCY WHITE
2. ALLEEN MOON
3. LOUISE FREDERICK
4 EVA KING
5. EVA LAWSON
6. LULT HOUSER
7. MARY FINNEY
8. JOSIE REID

The Heiress of Belmont

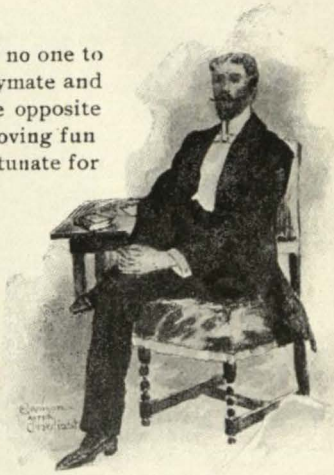
RUSKIN says: "Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines. There is not one entirely heroic figure in all his plays, whereas there is hardly a play that has not a perfect woman in it, steadfast in grave hope and errorless purpose. Such is Shakespeare's testimony to the position and character of woman in human life. He represents them as infallibly faithful and wise counselors, incorruptibly just and pure examples, strong always to sanctify even when they cannot save."

Notable among these women is Portia, heiress of Belmont. By many she is considered superior to all of Shakespeare's heroines, and those who do not agree with Mr. Ruskin in regard to Shakespeare's women, do recognize Portia's pre-eminence. She is a well-rounded woman. In her are combined the intellect and wit of a Beatrice or Rosalind, the tender love of a Cordelia, and the buoyancy of spirit and scholarly wisdom characteristic of her alone. This beauty and perfection in character, this charm by which she holds all spellbound with admiration, are doubtless due to the quality of her early training. She was motherless from her birth and was left by her grief-stricken father to the care and protection of a bachelor uncle. This uncle, Bellario, was a learned man, a famous lawyer and a gentleman with the highest ideas of morality and goodness. He was Portia's constant companion in infancy and childhood. They were devoted to each other; she was never happy away from him, and his pleasantest and happiest hours were spent with the beautiful child who had completely won his heart by her simple love and trust.

As she grew older, through her devotion to him, she was led to desire knowledge; first, for his sake, and then to love it for itself. She eagerly pursued her studies, under his wise guidance and with his help and encouragement, until they became her greatest pleasure, and she was always loth to leave them for anything else. By the advice and influence of her uncle, she even studied and mastered the principles and practices of law, the use and advantage of which we see later. As the result of this study and training we find her distinguished for strength of intellect and brilliancy of wit. But she was not an exception, because in that time it was customary for the women of the best classes to have the highest education. The sister or wife of a learned professor of a great university was quite capable of filling his chair for him in his absence. So it was nothing but right that the heiress of Belmont should be well educated, although it must be admitted that her mental training was superior to that of most of her contemporaries.

But this loving uncle was careful not to develop one side only of her character. He gave equal attention and care to the development of her moral nature, devoting much time to teaching her the fundamental moral truths, and to pointing out her small faults and warning her against some petty vanity or self-indulgence for which she showed a weakness. Fearing that her character might be warped by the constant companionship of older persons, or

that she might get a false idea of her importance by having no one to share her joys and sorrows, her uncle provided her with a playmate and companion, Nerissa, a little maid of her own age and just the opposite in character and disposition. She was a merry little witch, loving fun and play and hating her studies, which was, perhaps, fortunate for Portia, who, when she rested from her studies, could have complete change. In this way the social, humorous side of Portia's nature was developed. Her uncle was also careful that she should see some of the suffering of the world, and appealed to her tender heart in every instance possible, so that she would learn charity and mercy early. And as the years passed lightly over her, they left her with increased beauty, strengthened intellect and a sweetened nature.



"It was the morning on which she completed her seventeenth year. She entered the library where Bellario sat, and as she stepped forward to present him with a rare old volume of poetry and a heap of blushing, dew-covered flowers which she had just gathered as a birthday token, she looked so radiant with happiness and beauty that he involuntarily gazed at her as he would have done at a beautiful vision—an impersonation of childhood on the verge of womanhood. Her fair hair, partly disordered by the eagerness with which she had collected her flowers, regardless of thorns, spray, drooping leaves or sweeping branches, her cheeks glowing with morning air and exercise; her April eyes, bright with mingled smiles and tears, as she greeted him who had been father and brother both in one to her infancy and girlhood; her tender looks, her gentle sweetness, her loving manner, half lavish, half timid, while contending with all the strong emotion that filled her heart towards him, as she knelt upon the cushion at his feet and laid her head caressingly upon his knee, all made him fancy her a little fondling child again; but when, some minutes after, she stood at his side discussing with enthusiasm the beauties of the poet whose richly emblazoned volume she held in her hand; when her eyes beamed with intelligence, her figure dilated with the energy of her appreciation of lofty sentiment and daring imagination, her tone thrilled with admiration and awe and her whole appearance was instinct with elevation and sublimity of thought, Bellario felt that he gazed upon a sentient, high-minded woman—one capable of bearing her part in the great drama of life, and of influencing the destinies of others by her intellect, her sentiment, her actions."

It was on this day, when it seems she had reached the height of her perfections, that her long-lost father, drawn by the craving to see his child, came home. Her whole womanly heart went out to him, enfeebled by sickness as he was, and her love and tenderness for him were beautiful and touching, while his passionate love for her completely mastered him, and for a few short years she was happy indeed, with this fond, indulgent father and wise, loving uncle to think of her pleasure. Her father, realizing that it was her right and privilege to see something of the world, soon after his return introduced her to the society of the best families of Italy, in which circles she won the admiration, respect and love of all by her exquisite beauty, her dignified bearing and her gentle, courteous manners.

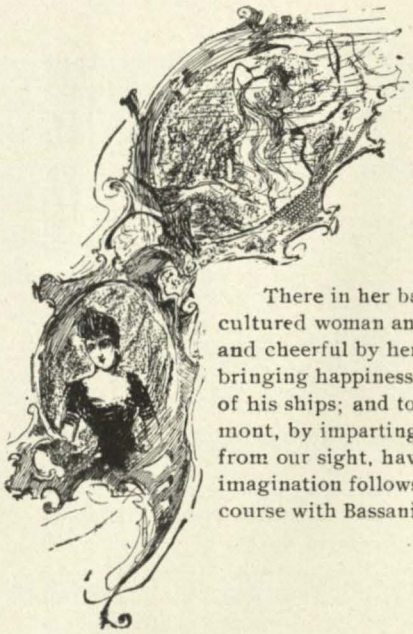
But this uninterrupted happiness was not long in store for her. Death claimed her much-loved father and left her in the deepest grief. Her father noticed the passionate admiration which she excited in men of all races, and fearing that she might become the victim of some mercenary fortune hunter, made her marriage dependent upon a lottery

with severest restrictions. After a year of grief and confinement, her uncle persuaded her that it was her duty to come out of her seclusion and let the world know the chance by which she could be won. Immediately fair Belmont was thronged with suitors, for the fame of her beauty, her character and the chance by which she could be won were widespread and "the four winds blow in from every coast, renowned suitors."

At first Portia was a little dissatisfied that her fate should be decided by such a chance and was a little impatient that "the will of a living daughter should be curbed by the will of a dead father." But, as one after another failed in the choice, her confidence increased and she began to think with Nerissa that "she will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love." In Portia's conversation with Nerissa in which they discuss the merits of her suitors, we see the wit and humor which is so characteristic of her. She said of the French lord: "God made him, therefore let him pass for a man." Thus she described the English baron: "He is a proper man's picture, but alas, who can converse with a dumb show?"

Prominent among these suitors are the Prince of Morocco, who came with apologies for his color, to whom Portia replied rather coquetishly: "Yourself, renowned Prince, then stood as fair as any comer I have look'd on yet for my affection"—and the Prince of Arragon, poor, deluded man, whom Portia treated rather sarcastically. But the suitor who attracts our interest from the first is Bassanio, a young scholar and soldier of Venice, whom Portia had met before and who gained her attention and interest by his handsome person and courteous manner. He was of high birth, but had almost ruined his fortune by extravagant living, but was prompted and encouraged to try the lottery for "sometimes from her eyes he did receive fair, speechless messages." After a few weeks of delightful intercourse between the lovers, in which time there must have been many avowals of love, Bassanio made his choice which was successful. Portia, with sweet frankness, confessed her love for him; and her surrender of herself, her maiden freedom, her property and power to her lover is one of the most beautiful passages in literature. In the midst of their rejoicing and love-making came a messenger to Bassanio from his cousin, Antonio, begging Bassanio to come to him before his death.

In order to go to Belmont in the style that befitted his rank, Bassanio had appealed to his cousin, Antonio, a wealthy merchant, for aid, who, in turn, had to borrow the money from an old Jewish usurer, Shylock, his enemy, giving a bond, made seemingly as a merry jest, for a pound of his flesh. When Antonio failed to fulfill the bond, the Jew showed his earnestness by pressing his suit for Antonio's life. When Portia was told the circumstances, she, with magnanimous generosity, urged her lover to marry her immediately and go to his friend. When he was gone, under the pretense of going to a convent, she sent to Bellario for a lawyer's costume, and with her maid, Nerissa, hurried to the rescue of her husband's friend. At Venice, in the guise of a Doctor of Law, she presided as judge of the case. It is in this trial scene that Shakespeare brings out all sides of her character; she shines forth all her glorious self; her great intellectual powers, her high moral ideas and her best feelings as a woman are all brought out. She appealed to the Jew's sense of mercy and to his love of gold, and in every way tried to turn him from his



purpose, but when he remained inexorable, she turned the full force of her anger and indignation on him. By reducing the bond to a point of law she exonerated Antonio and incriminated the Jew. She then hastened home to Belmont, reaching there before the arrival of her husband and his friend; then by a ring, which she had begged of her husband in her disguise, proved to him her identity with the Doctor of Law.

There in her beautiful home, she was in her true sphere as a beautifnl, cultured woman and a kind and thoughtful hostess. She kept all bright and cheerful by her sparkling wit and kindly humor. She was the means of bringing happiness to her guest, to Antonio, by telling him of the safe return of his ships; and to Jessica and her husband, who were with her at Belmont, by imparting to them the news of their good fortune. Thus she goes from our sight, having won our sincerest admiration and warmest love. Our imagination follows her through many years of kind deeds and loving intercourse with Bassanio.

ALEEN MOON

Why They Came to Wesleyan

LOUISE FREDERICK—To uphold the dignity of the Senior Class.

MARY FINNEY—To lead the Y. W. C. A.

LALIA WHITING—To get her picture in the Annual.

BLANCH AINSWORTH—To study Physics.

MARY JOHNSTONE—To attend prayers.

GUSSIE SHARPE—To go home.

MATTIE HATCHER—To sketch for the Annual.

LOUISE CARY—For Society.

EVA KING—To carry on Flirtations.

MARTHA HAYGOOD—To "cake walk" for the amusement of the girls.

ANNIE E. WILLIAMS—To wear Fraternity pins and to study Clay modeling.

VIRGINIA WATTS—To be a Philomathean.

EDNA ARNOLD—To economize.

JENNY BANKS ARNOLD—To attend gymnasium.

1. Ida Willingham
2. Louise Cary
3. Dorothy Rogers
4. Nellie Knight
5. Rosalyn Bivings
6. Josephine Shaw
7. Mary Simms Wheeler
8. Mary Johnstone
9. Virginia Watts
10. Mary McAndrew

Marching Through Mercer

To the Ciceronian Society

Sing a song together, boys;
Yes, sing it loud and clear:
Sing it with a hearty will
And voices full of cheer,
Sing it as you used to sing
Way back in freshman year,
While you go marching through
Mercer!

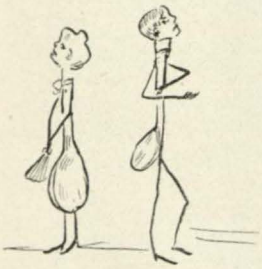
Mercer! Mercer!
Ring out the chorus free:
Mercer! Mercer!
All jolly boys are ye.
All care shall be forgotten,
All your sorrows flung away,
While you go marching through
Mercer!

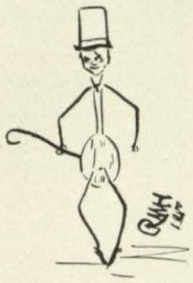
J. S.

The Philomatheans

"WE RING the bells and we raise
the strain;
We hang up garlands everywhere,
And bid the tapers twinkle fair,
And feast and frolic—and then we go
Back to the same old lives again."

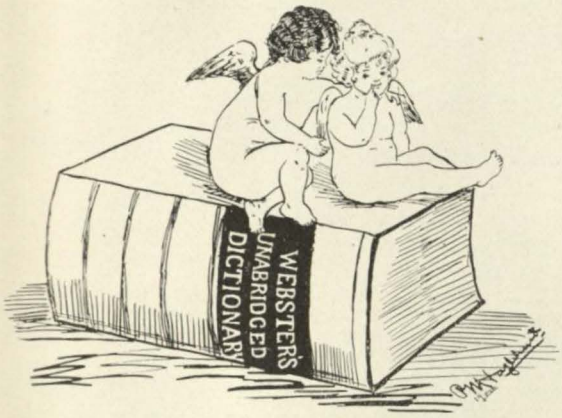
"OF all that is dear,
Thou art the dearest,
Of all that are near,
Thou art the nearest."





1. Gussie Sharp
2. Edna Arnold
3. Ida Willingham
4. Mae Daniel
5. Mary Addie Murph
6. Mattie Hatcher
7. May Moore
8. Pearl Coleman
9. Annie E. Williams
10 Lola Cook

Philomathean Dictionary



Philomathean—An "up-to-date" organization. Membership can only be secured by possessing fair features, good qualities and superior intellect.

Window—A delightful place to spend Sunday afternoons, where the time passes very rapidly in watching the street cars.

Beef Steak—Served three times a day, and found to be the most durable substance known.

Rushing—Attention with intention.

Flushed—An extra supply of money; generally obtained by selling books and clothes.

Teacher—A harmless person who persecutes innocent girls with hard lessons. Generally found in the most unexpected places and when least wanted.

Pledge—A promise which is easily broken.

Regulations—White cards which are pasted on every door to adorn the rooms. They are frequently suggested and referred to by teachers.

Feast—The only meal served at midnight. The menu consists of pickles, sardines and crackers.

Examinations—Trying ordeals undergone twice a year to find out how much one does not know.

Silent Hour—Two hours spent very quietly every Sunday afternoon in thinking of boys.

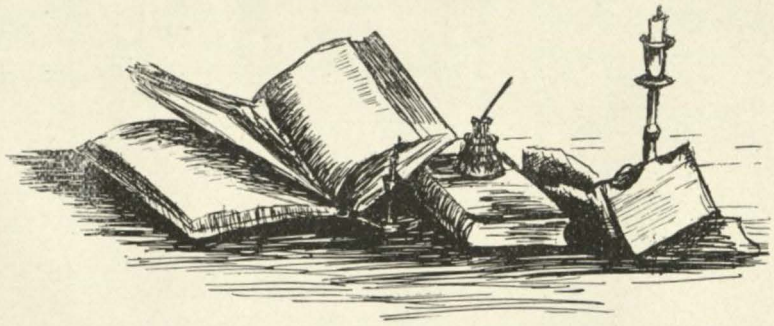
Men—Animals very rarely seen, but are advertised to be harmless.

Private—A card always seen on a girl's door when she has just received a box.

Cute—A favorite expression uttered a hundred times a day to express a degree of beauty.

Sat On—A verb which takes a girl for its object and a teacher for its subject.

Initiation—Another trying ordeal undergone once in the life of a Philomathean. The symptoms are palpitating heart, dilated eyes, and a trembling in every limb.



"SWEETEN TO TASTE"

School Girls' Recipes

Hot Chocolate

HOT chocolate served with a school girl's relish. Into a preserve bottle of medium size place two tablespoonfuls of chocolate rescued from the ants. To this add half a cup of borrowed sugar and as much water as the bottle can hold. Boil over the gas jet until the last gas bell rings. Stir rapidly with curling tongs, tooth brushes and hat pins. Serve hot in pickle bottles and tooth brush holders.

Ambrosia

GET four cocoanuts and as many oranges as your money will permit—reserving a few cents for sugar. Bore into the cocoanut with a strong hat pin ; empty the juice into a cologne bottle and break the nut in an inaudible way. Extract the fruit with a pair of scissors. Peel and slice the oranges according to the number of guests. Mix well and put sugar over the mixture. Serve cold in soap dishes and pin trays. This is sure of success, as it is teacher-proof, giving forth no inviting odors.

Eggs and Cheese on Crackers

THIS is only suitable for a Sunday night feast, as this is the only night when crackers can be obtained. Every guest is informed that she must bring two or more crackers to the room where the feast is to be. Then place in a boiler one egg for each guest. Pour water in the boiler and boil over the gas until your arms give out. When six girls of moderate durability have held the boiler the eggs are then announced "to be done." Put them in the pitcher to cool. Crumble the cheese in the boiler and hold as before. At the approach of a teacher let the boiler fall quietly under the bed and knock the tip out of the gas, the latter to kill all odors. When the cheese melts, peel and crumble the eggs. Pour half a cup of water over the mixture. Serve hot on crackers. Caution.—Do not try to put the raw eggs into the cheese, as it will be very odoriferous.

Sugar Candy

BEFORE leaving the dining room, when not observed by any unsympathetic friends, empty the well-filled sugar dish into a large napkin. Pour the sugar and water in any convenient utensil and flavor with cologne. Cook over the gas jet until a teacher knocks at the door. Quickly pour into a bowl and place on the roof to cool. In a few minutes a nice white substance will be formed, called by those who know how to make it successfully, "Sugar Candy."

Spring

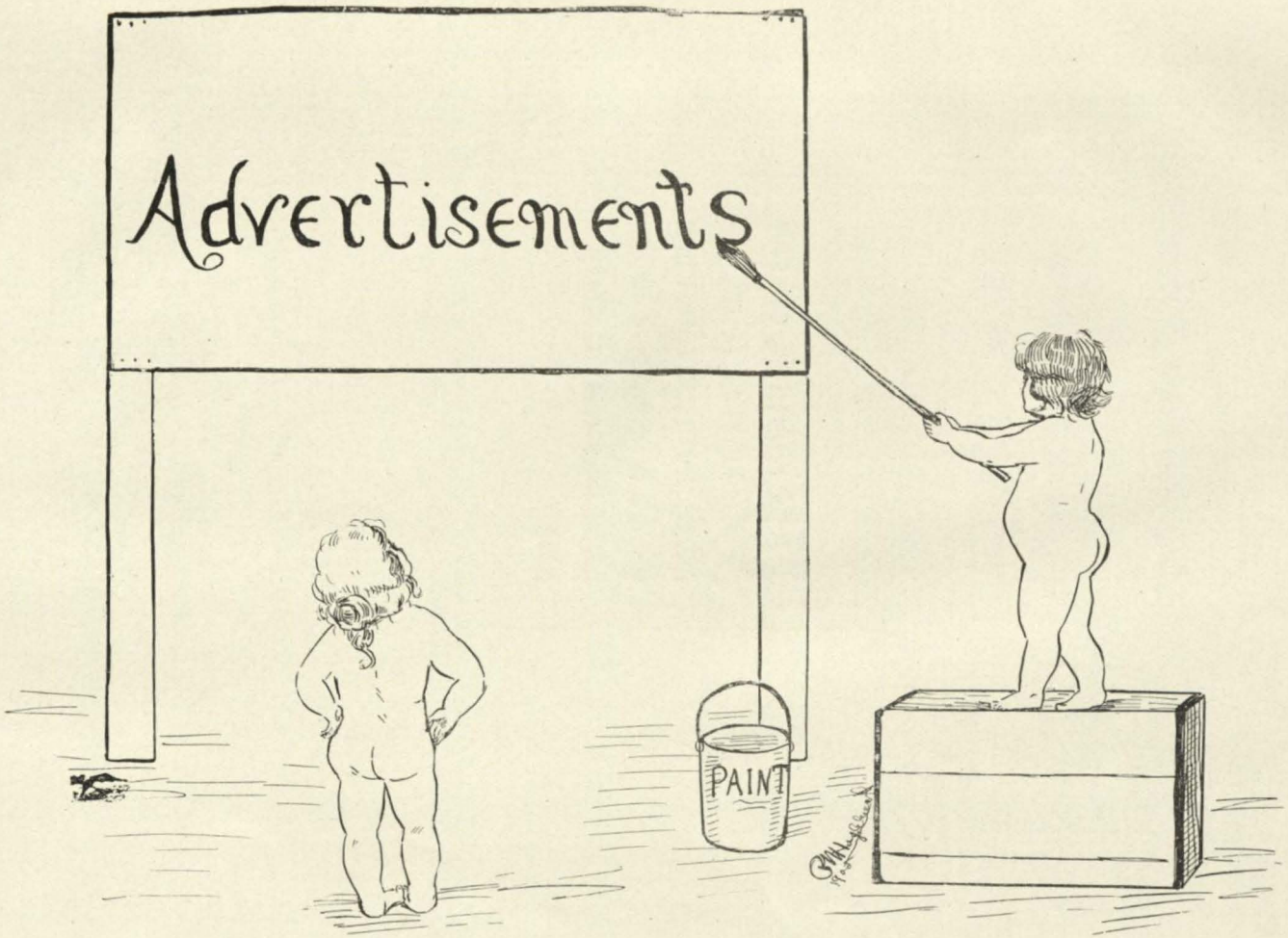
LOOK at this sign:
"A boy is lost."
He cannot be found,
His name is Jack Frost.

And, strange to say,
In his very place
Is a dear little girl
With a smiling face.

And I have been told
By murm'ring showers,
That she came one day
In a breeze of flowers.

Some tiny sparrows,
Singing away,
Said her name is Spring,
And she goes in May.

The End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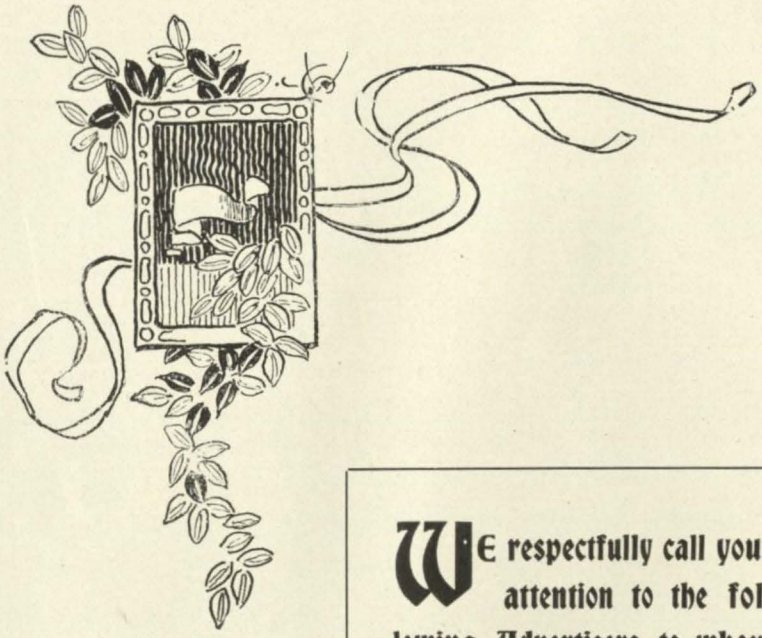

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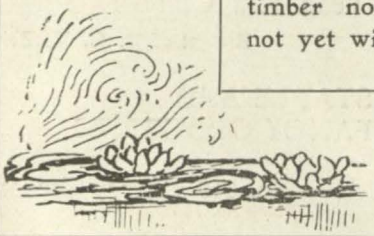

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